

The GRAPHIC



GRAY CLOUDS

By EDITH DALEY

Gray clouds---

Gray clouds and rain! Ah, me!
So much of gray the gold enshrouds
Of day's sweet mystery!
And yet, perchance, if always bright
And warm the golden sun,
Its shining were not tempered right
And a frail life begun---
A fragile flower of early spring---
Might fail of blossoming!

Gray clouds---

Gray clouds and pain! Ah, me!
So much of gray the gold enshrouds
Of life's sweet mystery!
And yet, perchance, if deepest joy
Were life's, without gray pain's alloy,
Who knows but sympathy's fair flower
That blooms within a shadowed hour
In sorrow's mist of tender spring,
Might fail of blossoming?

Clouds and rain! Life's mist of pain!

God knoweth best---For nights of rest
Are sweeter after days of pain,
As earth rejoiceth after rain!

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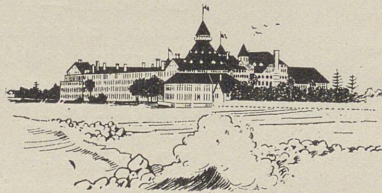
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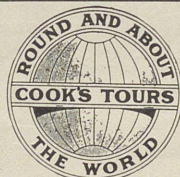
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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



LAWLESSNESS AS A SUFFRAGE DETERRENT

PERHAPS, the London suffragettes know their men folk, particularly those holding office, and are well advised that in the wanton destruction of property the British government will be forced to protect business by granting the lawbreakers the franchise for which they are clamoring, but at this distance, and from dispassionate observation, the appeal to violence, the reprehensible lawlessness displayed in London's shopping district is evidence enough of the unfitness of those responsible to be given the ballot. Rather, we should say, do such criminal actions argue a perverted standard of morals calling for stern reprisals. It may be that British stolidity and British prejudices will yield only to such tactics, but it is, to our notion, a form of insanity, and anything but an appeal to reason.

What sort of success would our California women have met if, in place of conducting their intelligent, argumentative, convincing campaign for equal suffrage, with little public sympathy for the window smashing, to petty annoyances of all kinds and descriptions to attain their purpose? Their demands, in such event, would have been peremptorily rejected and the suffrage cause set back a score of years. Moreover, heavy fines and imprisonment would have followed with little public sympathy for the violators of the rights of others. It is inconceivable that our women would have been guilty of such practices as those witnessed yesterday in London, which make it difficult for us to believe that by such bedlamic policies the sacred cause for which English suffragettes are contending can be advanced.

Mrs. Pankhurst, who is not unknown in this country, is reported to have led in the lawless work by breaking the windows of the premier's Downing street residence. At the same time, the shopping district was invaded by women carrying bricks and hammers, each plate glass window smashed flying into bits to the raucous cry of "Votes for Women!" uttered by the misguided female vandal. In this onslaught the police seem to have been caught at a disadvantage and although reserve forces were rushed to the aid of the shopkeepers the damage was heavy before many arrests could be made. As it was, only about one hundred women, or ten per cent of those engaged in this "gentle art of coercion," were haled to the police stations, where bail was furnished for their release.

Apparently, the English suffragettes are determined to sacrifice law and order, to suffer "martyrdom," opprobrium and loss of respect in order to gain the end sought. We may commend their resolution, but damn their methods. As a writer in the March Century comments, in discussing this militant school of women, while granting their sincerity, their actions are "remindful of the spoiled child in the nursery

who thinks that the only way to get a thing is by violence—with the difference that he does not give an aspect of sanctity to his stamping and screaming." It is added:

Now, the question of whether women should have the suffrage—which we are not discussing here—is a far different one from the question whether all measures to obtain it are justifiable or expedient. To parade, to speak in public, to carry banners, and to advocate a cause through the press and by printed circulars, are methods employed by all parties and factions. If at times the advocates of woman suffrage, within the bounds of order, have exceeded the bounds of delicacy, it must be remembered that in the public forum questions of taste must be subordinated to questions of right. But when it comes to a violation of such fundamental rights of others as that of free assembly, by the interruption of meetings, or to such violence as the "suffragette" wing of the movement has shown in London, it is time for sober-minded American women to consider the drift and influence of such a policy not only upon the cause itself, but upon popular sentiment in a country already criminally tolerant of lawlessness.

This is a pertinent suggestion and one that should arrest the attention of every suffragist in the country. At a time when the United Kingdom is grappling with a great economic question, when a strike of unprecedented extent is causing the gravest apprehension, for a band of self-constituted martyrs to set so vicious an example to those lower in the educational and social scale, by indulging in practices outraging the law and still further upsetting the public equilibrium, calls for the severest condemnation and for the harshest disciplinary methods conceivable. Britons may tolerate and palliate these indefensible acts of their ill-advised women, but on this side the Atlantic we can see no shadow of excuse for such intemperate proceedings and our remedy is a straightjacket and solitary confinement for every offender.

NECESSITY FOR A THIRD CANDIDATE

GRADUALLY, the independent Republican press of the country is recognizing what The Graphic has been patiently pointing out for many weeks and, prior to Theodore Roosevelt's injection, for many months, that in order to avoid the bitterness which the present campaign portends, its entanglements and embarrassments, the party should cast about for a third candidate who will be acceptable to all factions of the party and lead them to victory next November. We find the Des Moines Register and Leader, not especially friendly to Cummins, by the way, declaring:

The logical thing for the national convention to do, and the politic thing as well, in this situation, is not hard to find; it is to nominate neither the President nor Mr. Roosevelt. There is more than one man who could be named who would stand before the country not as a faddist, nor a reactionary against real progress, whose candidacy would be neither spectacular on the one hand nor purely conventional on the other, whose record would be a guaranty of sanity, his native hue of resolution a guaranty of national progress. . . . The party has little to lose in casting about for a new man, and everything to gain in getting free from the entanglements of the Taft-Roosevelt smashup. With a sanely progressive platform, and a sanely progressive candidate, the hot end of the poker would be placed squarely in the hands of the democratic opposition.

It is folly to ignore the apathy of the country, in regard to Taft's candidacy, it is equally idle to deny that Roosevelt's sophistical reasonings in regard to a third term have disgusted many who might have accepted his Columbus platform, radical as it is, in many respects. We agree with one protestant who argues for the necessity of a nomination that will command general party acceptance. Who looks for harmony in the campaign following the nomination of either Taft or Roosevelt? It is patent that the party will be widely sundered and the trend to the Democratic candidate, particularly if Woodrow

Wilson is named, will, in all probability, give the opposition the victory. Why commit this folly! Why deliberately run the Republican party into a noose by which it will hang itself? What a confession of weakness to say that either Taft or Roosevelt must be named? Are they the sole representatives of the great Republican organization fit to occupy the White House? Such an admission were puerile. We are more certain than ever that as the party leaders take stock of the situation and estimate aright the drift of public opinion, which is now slowly, but surely, forming, the call for a third candidate will be too vociferous to be ignored. Who more likely to please the majority of the party than the virile former governor of New York, now giving his legal mind to the solving of knotty problems that come before the United States supreme court—Charles Evans Hughes?

SCOTT WINS SOUTH POLE RACE

CHEERS for Captain Scott, regrets for Captain Amundsen's hard luck! Both these plucky navigators were entered in a race for the South Pole, that mythical tip of the earth's axis which Lieut. Shackleton strove so manfully to reach three years ago and was within one hundred miles of attaining when, exhausted and famished, he had to retrace his journey over the barriers of ice. What he essayed to do Captain Scott of the Terra Nova seemingly has accomplished if cable reports received from London today are based on facts.

Captain Scott sailed from London June 1, 1910, at the head of the largest and best-furnished scientific expedition ever sent into the polar region. His Norwegian rival, Amundsen, did not leave for Ross sea until late in the same year. Nothing has been heard from the red-haired Scandinavian, but with the prestige of north pole explorations behind him doubtless he will give good account of himself in due season. His vessel, the Fram is Nansen's old Arctic ship and although a stout little ice-plunger was not so well-fitted for the perilous voyage as Scott's Terra Nova, yet the Fram was discovered four hundred miles eastward of McMurdo Sound by the Scott party, proving that the preliminary dangers had been safely surmounted.

It is believed that Captain Scott's plan to strain every nerve to penetrate to the pole by Christmas, 1911, was carried out. The delay in hearing from him is, of course, natural, since it would take many weeks to reach the southernmost cable point in New Zealand on the return march. In addition to the English and Norwegian expeditions a Japanese exploring party is in the field, but of the progress of the latter no report has been made. The expenses of Scott's voyage, amounting to \$200,000, were borne by the British government and private subscriptions. If the reports of Scott's success are confirmed it will be a fitting sequel to Shackleton's venture, in which he distanced all preceding south pole voyagers by 11 degrees.

SCHMITZ NOT A SACRIFICIAL LAMB

THERE will be few tears shed over the acquittal of former Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz of San Francisco, whose trial for extortion came to naught through the failure of Abraham Ruef to testify to the facts. This was Schmitz' second trial; convicted at the first the state supreme court released him on a technicality. His fate this time hung on the action of Ruef. The head of the coterie of grafters was brought up from San Quentin, where he is serving a fourteen-year sentence for bribery, as a witness against his former tool. But he declined to testify unless the district attorney was willing to dismiss all the pending indictments against him on the

reserve calendar. This, apparently, Fickert was prepared to do, but the superior court judge, to whom the application was made, properly refused to concur.

Attempt is being made to create sympathy for Ruef by asserting that with all the co-defendants freed, the "little boss" is the only one to be sent to a felon's cell. And quite right, too. He was the head and front of the offending, the brains of the grafters, the instigator of nearly every illicit plan in San Francisco for mulcting private citizen or quasi-utility corporation. No neater bit of retributive justice has been noted in years than the disposition of his case. As a rule it is the poorer and weaker wretch that receives the heaviest punishment, but for once, the burden has fallen upon the proper shoulders—and there it should remain.

Efforts to release this little scamp on parole should be severely discountenanced. His pretended desire to devote his life and his tainted fortune to the amelioration of his fellow creatures is sheer hypocrisy. Even while he was circulating this bit of buncombe he was caught bribing a guard to obtain contraband goods, resulting in the dismissal of the jailor and the revocation of all privileges for his tempter for thirty days. Bribery is as the breath of life to his nostrils and he will be found indulging in his favorite diversion at any and every opportunity. The state is to be felicitated on the fact that the docket remains uncleared, so far as he is concerned, thereby materially lessening his chances for parole. Five or six years more of serious reflection in San Quentin will not be amiss in his case.

WHY MURDERERS SCORN THE LAW

SOUTHERN California is to be invited by the anti-capital punishment league of the state to sign the petitions now in circulation for the initiative measure, to be submitted later to the people, calling for the abolition of the death penalty. That the 31,000 names necessary will be obtained is not doubted—anybody will sign a petition, even, as a cynic has suggested, if it calls for the hanging of one's grandmother. But when, after a full and fair discussion of the question, it comes before the people for final action, involving the changing of the constitution, we are inclined to the belief that the proposal will be rejected and for good and sufficient reasons.

Attention has been repeatedly directed of late to the enormous increase in murders, and the marked diminution in judicial hangings. The law is not respected because it is not enforced. This is strikingly apparent in Chicago where the Cook county jail holds upward of 200 murderers, the carrying out of whose sentences has been delayed from time to time through various quibbles of the law, until the average criminal has come to the conclusion that murder may be committed with impunity providing one has a smart lawyer—and the necessary price. Judge Kavanaugh of Chicago has designated those sentimentalists opposing capital punishment as "mush-headed." In a talk on the subject he pointed out that of the ten thousand murders committed in 1911 only fifty executions followed. He argues that the main reason for this plethora of murders is to be found in the leniency of the law, really, its non-fulfillment. In England, where the law is enforced, murders are few and far between.

Both in New York and in Illinois this winter efforts have been making by the anti-capital punishment league to abolish hangings for murder, but in neither state are the misguided sentimentalists making much headway. States that have tried the experiment have invariably restored capital punishment to their statute books. France, under President Fallieres, essayed to dispense with the use of the guillotine, but ineffectually. Experts in penology deride the notion that a thug or any man who kills another has more fear of imprisonment than of death. How many men convicted of murder in the second degree, carrying the penalty of life imprisonment, have been known to petition the trial judge to send them to the scaffold or the electric chair instead? Theoretically, life imprisonment "in solitude and at hard labor" is appalling, but 999 murderers in a

thousand will take that form of punishment by preference. Enforce the law, and it will be better respected is the best argument we can offer against the appalling increase in murders in the United States.

RECALLED MAYOR AGAIN REJECTED

SEATTLE has declared against a wide-open town by the defeat of Hiram C. Gill, Republican candidate for mayor, whose former term of office was summarily ended a year ago by the application of the recall. Although Gill led his opponent, George F. Cotterill, by ten thousand votes at the recent primary election, the progressive Democrat in a total vote of almost 65,000 ran a neck-and-neck race with the "liberal" candidate, finally nosing out by a few hundred majority. The election is a great surprise to the Gill supporters who were offering big odds on their favorite one week ago. It is a triumph for decent element and, in effect, a vindication of the recall principle.

Among the forty-one different measures referred to the people, in addition to the list of candidates, was the single tax question, submitted in the form of a charter amendment, authorizing the city council to remove the tax on all improvements and personal property and to derive all municipal revenues from the land tax. This radical change from the established order appears to have received a gratifying vote, but was defeated by 3 to 1. Evidently, Seattle, while keeping a close eye on Vancouver, and what that city has accomplished through the single tax, is not yet ready to abandon the present method of levying taxes. The advocates of the Henry George theory, although discouraged, will try again. It is characteristic of the single tax enthusiast that although often repelled he never desponds, never gives up the fight.

It is hinted that the recent effort of a member of the Los Angeles city council to assess realty on its full market value was a preliminary to the introduction of the single tax system. Until the state is ready to adopt the single tax plan a municipality will be loth to try it, owing to the disadvantage the one hundred per cent valuation will place the experimenter as compared with other cities assessing only 50 per cent of the value. At least, this is one of the negative reasons advanced by opponents of the measure.

MADERO'S BITTER AWAKENING

TWO WEEKS ago, when President Madero was publicly proclaiming the loyalty of Gen. Orozco, which the revolutionists disputed, The Graphic ventured the prediction that if either he or General Trevino defected from the established order Madero might well take Emilio Vasquez Gomez' advice and resign his office since, in that event, it would be impossible for him to put down the insurrection and maintain peace in the republic. In the interim, the expected has happened. Orozco has resigned his commission under Madero, openly joined the revolutionists and in a battle with General Villa defeated the federal commander and captured the city of Chihuahua, the inhabitants of which, as well as the remainder of the state, are openly and avowedly anti-Madero.

With a coalition of forces under Generals Campa and Salazar, General Orozco now has an army of about 5000 men, with which he proposes to march on to Mexico City. That Madero has awakened to a full realization of the danger of his position is evidenced by his recent manifesto in which he calls upon all loyal Mexicans to join with him in a united effort to suppress the insurrection. Additional soldiers, he urges, are needed to grapple with the revolutionists, to establish military rule and aid in the work of bringing peace and prosperity to the republic. That Madero has no intention of resigning is indicated in that portion of his public utterance in which he says, "If necessary, I know how to die, at the post of duty."

No disinterested student of affairs across the southern border can be other than sympathetic toward

Madero. He has meant well by his perturbed country and in succeeding to Porfirio Diaz' regime he imagined that by adopting a placative policy he could harmonize the warring factions and establish an era of peace. But events have disproved his judgment. The Mexican republic is not yet ready for mild measures; by the strong militant arm is the only way they can be ruled and the sooner Madero recognizes this fact the better for his peace of mind and the surface serenity of the country. It is a dictator, not a compliant presidente that is wanted at this stage of self-government, which latter is in name only, the bulk of the people not yet being fitted for it. Madero, doubtless, is a deeply disappointed man, but it is useless for him to fret his heart out. His wisest course is to step aside until a more convenient season and let militarism for the time hold sway.

HOUN' DAWG BALLAD OF PROTEST

MISSOURI will have to settle with Arkansas for the original rights to that stirring ballad of the southwest known as the "Ozark Dog Song," now formally adopted as a Democratic anthem by the misguided enthusiasts who are attempting to foist the Hon. Champ Clark on the country as the candidate of his party for White House tenancy. It will be recalled the lyric of protest reads to this effect:

Every time I come to town
The boys keep a-kickin' my dawg aroun';
Makes no difference if he is a houn',
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

According to the Wall Street Journal, which has printed a psychological disquisition on this "ballad of discontent," it is the note of unsuccess, of the failure who admits he is a failure, and seeks to shift the burden of blame. Says the Journal: "It will be observed how the shiftless, loafer-like note of the song exactly fits the elements among which the present discontent is chiefly fostered. The singer is that hopeless mixture of whining shiftlessness and sulky discontent which denotes a steadily increasing class of unemployables once virtually unknown in this country."

However this may be the "houn'" song is having great vogue and by the Arkansas Gazette is characterized as the "hymn of the mountains" which Arkansas lent to Missouri and is now claimed as its own by the "show me" state. The Buffalo Times credits it with making a "homely appeal to the masses," and calls it a "Pindaric ode in behalf of the oppressed, thumped, knocked-about creatures, human or quadruped." In a whining sort of defiance is voiced the refrain, but it is not convincing. We rather agree with the view that when a "dawg" is kicked aroun' in "thatta way" it is because he deserves it. As to attempting to point a moral to this pathetic tail we decline the task. Let Champ Clark do it.

FEDERAL PROBE GOOD FOR COUNTRY

IN RELIEVING Col. Sweitzer from command of the state militia Gov. Foss, apparently, has recognized the injustice of the order, responsibility for which is charged to Sweitzer, that prevented the textile strikers of Lawrence from sending their children away, the effort to detain them being followed by riotous scenes in which women and children suffered. In their testimony before the house committee on rules, at Washington, Monday, several children from Lawrence told of seeing women beaten by police and of little ones picked up "like rags" and tossed into wagons to be carted back to their homes. Due allowance, of course, must be made for reflective impressions, the result of family councils, but enough was brought out, probably, to induce a resolution of investigation, which is the object of the quiz.

One lad of fifteen said that his wages averaged \$5.10 a week, which seems to be the minimum wage, while his father earned about \$9, also the lowest adult scale. The argument is made, in behalf of the mills, that with several children in one family earning \$5 a week and the father \$9 a fair living income is the result, while the further statement is advanced

that the largest of any Lawrence milling corporation has never paid beyond 7 per cent on its preferred stock and nothing on its common; this to refute the charge that the mills earn enormous dividends. The strike is to enforce a raise of fifteen per cent in the wage scale. The mills have volunteered a five per cent increase, which has induced a number of the strikers to return to work, but it is claimed that 12,000 operatives are still out.

With the solid phalanx broken, however, and the fact that many of the strikers are foreigners, not yet naturalized, and earning far more than they received in their mother country, the prospects of a speedy adjustment of the differences are favorable. It is to be hoped that congress will decide to investigate the conditions at Lawrence even if the strikers return to work. There is much testimony that ought to be gathered for the people at large to ponder. The conditions at Lawrence, presumably, do not differ in principle from hundreds of other milling districts in the east that may at any time undergo similar experiences. Let us have all the light possible on these vexed economic questions. Let the country know just how much the woolen mills are earning for their stockholders, the average wage paid to operatives, hours of labor, and such other information that will help the disinterested to arrive at an intelligent conclusion. Thus far we have had the biased statements of the two conflicting interests. Let congress give us the uncolored facts.

OPEN MARKET FOR SHIPS DEMANDED

PORTLAND, farther north on the coast, is to be felicitated on reaching the conclusion that a sane way of building up the American merchant marine is to allow the purchase of foreign built ships and their registration under the American flag. By a unanimous vote the Portland Club has gone on record to this effect and a prominent member, one of the heaviest exporters of flour in the west, has announced that in the event of the lifting of the embargo he will hasten to avail himself of the privilege of buying foreign-built vessels in which to ship American-made flour.

But to get this measure enacted those in favor of amending the present antiquated navigation laws must be prepared to encounter the steel trust battery whose heavy guns will mow them into little bits if they dare suggest so sacrilegious a step as the removal of the penalty that attaches to foreign-built ships. It was this subtle interdiction that helped to kill off American commerce on the high seas, while selfishly retaining for the steel trust the privilege of furnishing the bulk of the tariff protected materials entering into the construction of merchant ships.

Fifty years ago American vessels carried two-thirds of all the foreign commerce of the United States as against one-tenth of such commerce carried by them today. The unwise marine registration laws are to blame. In the half century of their prohibitory and restrictive existence they have practically destroyed the industry. How can an American ship-owner, for example, compete in the international carrying trade who has to pay half a million dollars for a vessel in this country that he can purchase abroad for half the amount? A quarter of a million dollars for the privilege of flying the American flag and enjoying the right to engage in the coastwise traffic! It is a huge bonus and that the larger part of this extra cost goes to the steel trust is the sad truth. No wonder the average vessel owner in this country finds it almost impossible to operate his ships under the American flag.

Germany is far cuter. Ships flying the German flag may be bought wherever they are cheapest and in following this policy the merchant navy of that country has taken rapid strides forward of late years. It is folly to talk of ship subsidies to remedy what the vicious navigation laws have cost us. Ship-subsidies are a poor crutch, calculated only to drive away competition. The root of the evil lies in the antiquated marine laws and the Portland Club is right in passing resolutions condemning the law that admits to registry only vessels owned by Americans

built in this country. We never can restore the flag to the high seas until we are permitted to buy our ships in the open market.

UNSELFISH PLANS FOR 1915

HORSE-RACING as a gambling diversion has had its day in California and that day has passed, never to return. It is misdirected energy on the part of the "powerful men of the state" who are reported from San Francisco to be back of the movement for the repeal of the anti-betting law. They will find they are in a hopeless minority and that no legislature with a conscience, such as California seems to have acquired along with the progressive element in politics, will consent to the legalizing of the Paris Mutuals betting system, which is to be presented to the 1913 legislature as a substitute for the present drastic measure.

Gambling in bucket-shops may not be regarded with a severe eye by Governor Johnson, but he will never consent to a revival of the race-track betting, sugar-coated as Paris Mutuals. And if next year fate should have removed his sphere of influence to Washington it is doubly certain that Lieut.-Gov. Wallace, who was instrumental in the repeal of the pool-selling statute, will oppose the amending of the anti-betting law with all the force of his conviction. Over in Los Angeles, the progressive forces in control may be disposed to blink at shaking dice for the cigars at the tobacco stands, but the more subtle form of gambling will be sternly discountenanced.

No, the alleged "sport of kings," which a thrifty syndicate would like to reinstate in time for the 1915 exposition, will have to give way to chuck-a-luck, Aunt Sally, monte, fantan, and other mild games of chance for the quicker separation from their pocket-books of indiscreet visitors, with surreptitious tests of skill at draw poker in retired spots for the bigger fry. It is sad to have to discourage the activities of the "come-back" movement so early in its inception, but duty must be did if the heavens fall.

"LOVE WILL FIND THE WAY"

THERE is hope for Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz, who aspires to a seat in the state senate, in the prediction ascribed to Miss Eleanor Sears, Boston's millionaire bachelor maid, who is now honoring Southern California with her presence. Miss Sears is quoted to this effect:

The day is not far distant in California when the government will be in the hands of women; when a woman will sit in the governor's chair at Sacramento and when the laws of the state will be framed and passed upon by a legislature the majority of the members of which will be women. When that day dawns, the cry of hard times will pass; the bitter struggle between capital and labor will be at an end, and love, more than hatred, will be the foundation upon which our laws will be laid.

While we would like a bill of particulars as to how the women will accomplish this result we are not unmindful of the adage that "love will find a way." There are plenty of women in the state, we dare say, who are competent to frame the legislative laws, but, as a rule, legal minds are found to be more available in drawing up bills than the non-professional members of the senate and assembly. But, of course, when the day of woman domination at Sacramento arrives, doubtless, our women members will be largely of Mrs. Foltz' profession—personable limbs of the law. Former Governor Gillett will not agree with Miss Sears. He is on record as saying that only men are fitted to hold office, with which ipse dixit we have little sympathy. Given time and opportunity and the women will easily disprove the ex-governor's pessimistic utterance.

We hope that Miss Sears, who is said to be a "student of politics," has not allowed her personal bias to color her statement that with the advent of women legislators and a woman governor the cry of hard times will pass, the bitter struggle between capital and labor will end, and love will be the ruling motive in the fashioning of all our laws. If we could be persuaded that she is right we should begin at once to advocate the wholesale resignation of our male officials and their succession by women. But

even as we were compelled to take issue with Mr. Job Harriman who, in his candidacy for mayoralty honors, promised higher wages for everybody with his accession to office, so we fear that California women officials alone cannot change the existing order, although they may be able to point the way. At any rate we are glad to find a bachelor maid of Miss Sears' financial standing interesting herself in vexed economic questions. It is a good sign.

RICHARD BARRY'S BARREN VICTORY

IT WILL interest friends of Mr. Richard Barry, whose parents live at Monrovia, to learn that the young author and playwright has just received from the New York court of appeals a confirmation of the appellate division's ruling that his published reflections upon the intelligence of actors did not justify his expulsion from the Players Club, of which Barry was a member, and in which organization actors mainly predominate, while all are supposed to be more or less interested in dramatic art.

Mr. Barry has told those who have hazarded the question that his reason for getting his expulsion declared illegal was to avoid the "stigma" that otherwise would attach to the penalty inflicted by the club. In commenting upon his barren victory, the New York Times marvels at his reasoning since expelled he was, though illegally, and though the decree of banishment will have to be revoked if he insists on it, adding, "Much good it will do him to insist, for The Players will prove the truth of all he said about their minds if they cannot promptly find or make another reason for promulgating their decree again."

We cannot believe that Mr. Barry will ever attempt to invade the precincts of the club, now declared open to him by judicial ipse dixit. As the New York Times argues, "the man who isn't wanted in a club—and knows it—isn't in that club, except geographically, as it were, and that doesn't count, clubbishly." Truth is, the young man, who is exceedingly bright and clever, probably had no intention of insulting The Players when he wrote his magazine article reflecting upon the intelligence of actors as a whole, but it was ill-advised and not in the best of taste. The club, as a body, naturally resented the criticisms and took official action by voting for the writer's expulsion. He had practically put himself outside by his attitude; the directors merely confirmed the step.

Barry took his case to court with the result as stated. Legally, he has won his contention, but of what avail? He is no better off, socially, than before. If he still aspires to dramatic authorship—and we can scarcely believe that in view of his lamentable failure in Los Angeles several years ago—what self-respecting actor in this country will care to star in his production after the castigations he has administered to the craft?

GRAPHITES

Those "progressives" in the state who are lining up for Taft are in a very small minority, is the assurance given by Governor Johnson, who advises his followers they need feel no apprehension over the apparent defection from the Roosevelt policies. The governor is silent as to the charges insinuated by La Follette's campaign manager, Walter L. Houser, that Roosevelt is the "Big Business" candidate.

Austrian schoolma'ams must continue to remain spinsters or lose their positions is the fiat of the Austrian diet to which body an appeal to change the law had been made. The plea was advanced that the law condemned the teachers to celibacy until too old to teach and too old to marry. This is hardly the fact since the law does not restrain them from marrying at any time, only they must cease teaching when they assume domestic responsibilities.

"Facilis est descensus averno" may be said of Sarah Bernhardt, Beerbohm Tree, and Madame Rejane, three of the best known members of the dramatic profession in Europe, who, after yielding to the blandishments of vaudeville managers, will now take a further step downward (?) by becoming attractions for the moving picture shows. But the road to hades is not altogether marked by their footsteps. They may be engaged in uplifting the masses,

OLD BRETON LEGEND BASIS OF NEW OPERA

HENRY Bataille is now one of the most famous writers of plays in France, but fifteen years ago when "La Lepreux" was first performed, not then as an opera, but in the form of a legendary drama, the author was very young and entirely unknown. "La Lepreux" was first written down more than three hundred years ago, and it had been at that time, like all legendary stories, passed on from mouth to mouth for no one knows how many hundreds of years prior thereto. In those old days when but few people knew how to read and write, and where there was a complete ignorance of even the most ordinary laws of physiology, fear of the plague, of epidemic and contagious diseases, and especially of the mysterious leprosy, naturally worked on the imaginations of the people and led to the weaving of tales which, however true they may have appeared to the people of that time, seem to us today only poetic stories.

In Breton these tales or legends are called "Gwerziou Breiz-Izel" or just "Gwerz." Like the Icelandic legends, the stories of the Nibelungen, Tristan and Isolde, the Song of Roland, and so many other legends they were first sung by the minstrels, not to what we would call a tune, but to a sort of monotonous chant, not in any set form, but according to the power of invention of each individual singer. Finally, the best of them were written down, generally by priests, and in this transcription much of the picturesque detail must have been omitted. Of the music we have retained only very little, but there is reason to believe that barbarous sounding folk-songs still used by the peasantry in regions far removed from the ordinary paths of tourist travel are made from those ancient secular chants of the minstrels of old.

In 1896 Henry Bataille happened across one of these old Breton poems or legends dealing with the misfortunes arising from the plague of leprosy. Of this he made a play, his first play, I think, which was given at the Comedie-Parisienne. Nothing better evidences the great talent of this young author than the fact that he had the wisdom to translate much of the original poem verbatim, especially those passages which were obscure and the exact meaning of which it was difficult for the modern mind to grasp. For he rightly understood that it is not picturesque language alone that makes for the local color of antiquity, but the ancient manner of thought as well, the "ancient stupidity" as it has been so well named, that utter brute stubbornness which we see even today among the peasants, that unwillingness to understand which arises from the impossibility of understanding. To those of my readers who have never come in conflict with the European peasant it will be impossible for me to explain just what this mental attitude is except by saying that one often has the impression of dealing with a sort of latent insanity. The trouble with most modern plays dealing with peasants of the past, or even of today, is that they are made too sane, too capable of reasoning as we reason, of understanding as we understand, and of looking at things from our point of view. All of which things Henry Bataille fully understood. And instead of writing a modern play he simply adapted the old poem to the modern stage. This point is made clear in the preface of "La Lepreux" in which the author writes among other things, "The libretto of the Flying Dutchman is criminal, and still more so that of Tristan and Isolde."

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The subject of the present article is not the play by Henry Bataille, which was first staged years ago, but the opera by Sylvio Lazzari, made from this play and first performed, after many delays, this week at the Opera Comique. And since we are dealing with opera it will be just as well for a clear understanding of the subject, to examine the phrase above quoted from the preface of "La Lepreux." It is no doubt true that from the standpoint of legendary exactness the librettos of Wagner's opera, not only those mentioned above, but all the others as well, except perhaps Meistersinger, are "criminal!" But the trouble is that opera is a mongrel art in which the poetry is much injured by being set to music, where the picturesqueness of ancient verse may very well be entirely lost in passing through the pitiless hands of the composer. Richard Wagner understood that better than Henry Bataille, better, in fact, than most librettists; for how many great plays have been made into bad opera!

The story of "La Lepreux" is as follows: A young Breton farmer, Ervoanik, son of Matelinn and of Maria Kantele (note the picturesque names), wishes to marry the beautiful Aliette, daughter of the old sorceress Tili. His parents oppose this marriage because on all the countryside Aliette is reported to be the daughter of lepers, leprosy herself, in spite of her beauty, and to kiss her lips would mean that Ervoanik would contract the white plague. But

the young man listens only to his love; braving the malediction of his father, the suppliant tears of his mother he goes with his love to the Pardon of the Folgoat (seemingly a sort of festival). The love-scene which precedes this departure is charming and full of meaning; for as Ervoanik, mad with love, wishes to kiss the lips of Aliette, she turns quickly away, well knowing the danger of such a kiss to her lover.

On their way the lovers stop at the house of old Tili the sorceress. This is an isolated hut of sinister aspect before which peasants and ragmuffins pass with cries and curses and throw stones at the windows. Weary with the toil of the road Ervoanik drinks himself into a stupor and falls asleep. Envious of the young people's innocent happiness, the old sorceress excites the girl's jealousy. She tells her that her lover has deceived her, that she is not his first love, that he already has a wife and two children. At the same time, by her magic power, she makes Ervoanik dream that all this is true, and, waking but only half awake, and still only partly sober, he confesses. Mad with jealousy, Aliette then offers Ervoanik wine from a cup out of which she has drunk. A month later Ervoanik is afflicted with the fatal malady. He is to be banished from society, separated from his home, his parents and his friends. The guards come to take him away to his eternal exile in the horrible pest-house. Surrounded by priests robed in black Ervoanik takes part in his own burial service; the De Profundis is recited, ashes are sprinkled on his head, and about his shoulders is thrown the black mantle with the red cross which is in future to be the sign of his disgrace. He turns sadly away, leaving behind him all that he loves, when suddenly Aliette appears wearing the same dress. She takes the hand of Ervoanik and together they go out.

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It must be said in extenuation of this gawsome plot that the author has carefully avoided the projection on the stage of the disease. We feel the terror that the plague inspires in these people, these ignorant peasants of the middle ages, but we are inspired only with pity, not with disgust. It is not the introduction of the dissecting room and hospital into art which has become popular with some modern artists and novelists. That which displeases me in this opera is the fact that in the first place it is too obscure. There is a good deal in the second act that reminds one of the scene in Tristan and Isolde where the lovers drink the love-potion. One seems to be left in doubt as to whether this is in a way symbolical or whether the old Breton legend really told of a girl giving her lover her own disease so as to take him with her to the pest-house where she well knew she would be exiled for life. Also we are led to wonder why, if she was already afflicted with the disease, she was not already confined, and then, taken as a whole, this opera is rather too much of a merely theatrical entertainment, with all the tricks of the stage, with technique rather too obvious, and with too little genuine, simple art. The scene with the poisoned cup and the scene with the priests reading the burial service are both of them as old as old can be and have proved popular features of the spectacular operatic performance since the days of Peri.

Were the music of this work a little more melodic it might well become popular. The play, if not very original or very artistic, shows the hand of a master of stage-craft. The music, unfortunately, although well written and containing many beautiful passages, is somehow lacking. It is not easy to say just what this lack is, especially after a single hearing of this rather complicated score, but it seems that the voices have too little melody, as if the accompaniment had been written first and the voice parts fitted in afterward. It seems as if only Wagner could write an orchestral part that sounds all right without the voices, and make the voice parts melodic into the bargain. Of course, this is simply the difference between complete inspiration and mechanical development. The composer, Lazzari, was born in 1858 at Bozen in the Tyrol. If you care to get an idea of his style you can do no better than to get his song "Malentendu." You will find it all that I have said; beautiful accompaniment, lovely harmony, excellent technique, but no melody, and especially none at all in the voice part. Still, it is an interesting song by an interesting man and well worth studying.

There is a curious phase in connection with all this that requires special mention. The French people seem as ready to criticise the libretto of an opera as the music or the ensemble. They will quibble over the poetic value of the verse, over the source from which the poet derived his idea, over all sorts of things that any common sense person will see are not essential. We all know that opera librettos are generally made from a story or play already successful, and we know also that the poetry, however beautiful it may be, loses its value as poetry when music is set to it.

The ambition of France is to be recognized in

America. There are frequent complaints because our opera houses use so few works by French composers. For this there are two reasons: First, there are few French singers of real merit, and our opera directors find it difficult to get artists to fill the roles in production of French opera; but a more important reason is that the French people do not support their best composers. Instead of making a great success for a composer like Magnard, whose "Berenice" was spoken of in these columns a few weeks ago, they criticise him. Since they can find nothing to criticise in his music they criticise his libretto, and accuse him of stealing his ideas from Racine, as if it would make any difference if he did. This is only an example of what is going on here all the time. There are many good works which have had a few performances or have never been heard at all, that would not only be a credit to the French school but would be played in America. But "Blue Forest" of Aubert, for instance, was refused here at the Opera Comique simply because of a personal quarrel between the librettist and the director of this theater.

The amusing part of it all is the conceit of many of these people. Charpentier, for instance, is perfectly satisfied that everybody in the world knows him and his one opera. The fact that the people in America outside of New York know very little about him is a fact that he simply refuses to believe. He imagines himself a Puccini, a Mascagni or a Verdi. He refuses to be interviewed. He does not want to be advertised. It is the same with Magnard, and although I know him well, personally, he does not want to be written about. It is the same also with Debussy, and of course this attitude makes it difficult, even for the most enthusiastic admirer of the French opera to do much for it.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, February 17, 1912.

STRAY NOTES BY B. C. T.

Six or eight years ago the Philadelphia Mint issued a season's gold pieces without the motto, "In God We Trust" thereupon, but the outcry in congress and a multitude of protests from the pulpits made such a to-do that the superintendent of the mint was compelled to place the words on all the gold coins thereafter issued. At the time I read all the papers I came across touching upon the matter and one day dropped upon the fact that Salmon P. Chase, secretary of the treasury, in the Civil War, first introduced the words on our coins, at the suggestion of an old Union man of Maryland; and that the story in the beginning was about as follows: This conscientious Christian gentleman thought that our currency should indicate in a way the Christian character of our nation, which, he argued, could be best done by putting a motto upon our coins expressing a national reliance on divine support in governmental affairs. It was in 1861, when this man wrote to Washington respecting his pet idea. His letter was referred to Mint Director Pollock, who discussed the question in his report of 1862. Pollock and Chase were in favor of introducing the motto at once, but congress gave the suggestion no attention whatsoever. In his next annual report Director Pollock again referred to the matter, this time in firm theological argument, saying, "The motto suggested, 'God Our Trust,' is taken from our national hymn, 'The Star Spangled Banner,' the sentiment is familiar to every citizen of our country; the time is propitious; 'tis an hour of national peril. Let us reverently acknowledge his sovereignty, and let our coinage declare our trust in God." A two cent bronze piece was authorized by congress to be coined the following year, and April 22, 1864, the first United States coin was stamped with the legend, "In God We Trust."

While upon the subject. I have established the fact that to the Lydians the innovation of coining gold and silver is attributed, and the year 862 B. C. is fixed as the era of the invention. About 300 years after this, it may be noticed, Croesus was king of Lydia. The coins of that period were not very elegant. Among the Greeks banking was carried on to a considerable extent. Homer speaks of brass money among them in 1184 B. C., but it was weights, not coins. But the art of coining was soon acquired by the Greeks. The earliest coins they made were somewhat crude. The original method of making a coin was by placing a given weight of metal, after it had been softened, over a die upon which a national symbol or emblem was engraved, and then pounding it with a hammer on the die until a good impression was obtained. They were rude and battered and showed a die impression on one side only, the other bearing the rough marks of the hammer. The earliest Greek coins were of silver, whereas those of Lydia were of gold or electrum—gold and silver. They were of a sacred character, and the old inscriptions were succeeded by representations of the deities.

Characteristics of the Paris Winter Salon---By Frank Patterson

WHEN I wrote to The Graphic not long ago about my impressions of the Autumn Salon I was justly and duly shocked by the extravagances exhibited in that hot-bed of modernism and advanced idealism. One might almost have called it a search for the infinite, so far beyond nature did most of the artists go, and so evident was it that they were seeking for an elusive ideal. This ideal is to "make glow the cold paint as glows the hot flame," to show nature, not as the casual observer sees it, but as the trained artistic eye knows it to be, to place upon the canvas all of nature's marvellous luminosity and the endless variety of its splendid colors. If you call the trees green the artist will laugh, for he is able to see all sorts of colors in the trees that have not the remotest association with what the layman calls just plain green. Thus it is that when the visitor at one of these modern exhibits laughs at a purple dog standing beneath a pink tree and barking at a yellow blue-bird that hovers over a river of red water, he simply shows his ignorance not only of the ideals of the artist but of the varieties of nature.

It cannot for a moment be maintained of the artists who showed their works in the Autumn Salon that none of them went too far, for many of them were simply imitators of the men of real talent to whom belongs the credit of having the courage to seek new ideals and new means of reaching these ideals. The trouble with the Autumn Salon was that the jury was too lenient and let in too many of these talentless imitators. It was hard among the great number of works shown to pick out those of real value without falling into the mistake of simply selecting those that approached nearest to old fashioned methods as being good to look at and disregarding the rest. But the only thing that can possibly render a jury perfectly safe in the rejection of certain works and the acceptance of others is to judge all by the simple standards of orthodoxy and tradition, which, of course, with these modernists, would be the height of injustice, since it is just these two evils of orthodoxy and tradition from which they are trying with might and main to escape. A jury that holds that a painted dog that looks like a real dog is an acceptable work of art and that a painted dog that is purple and looks,—well, that looks like a painted dog,—is to be thrown out; such a jury has no place in a Salon devoted to modernism.

But the winter Salon which is now holding its twelfth annual exhibit at the Grand Palais shows that the jury has no easier task here, although there is here certainly no question of that modernism which characterized the Autumn Salon. For these pictures in the Winter Salon look, almost all of them a little weak in tone, a little lacking in luminosity, a little like faded works of a past age. It is strange, but it is none the less true. These pictures are most of them quite well done in a more or less orthodox manner, a manner that we would no doubt have raised a few years ago, and yet the exclamation comes to our lips over and over again "How did that work pass the jury?" or "What a noor show!" Do what we will, and think as we may, we are still under the influence of the brilliant works of the Salon we saw last Autumn in this same gallery.

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Comparison with the other arts will show best how the matter stands. In the field of music we were all startled and a little shocked by the blare of modern orchestration, by the experiments of modern harmonists. We said it was absurd, ridiculous, impossible; that the composer was simply trying to be original; that his harmony was discord, his orchestration mere noise. But having once known the thrill of it we found that we missed it when it was absent. It is something like the phenomenon, not by any means uncommon, of a person being homesick for a place he detested while he lived in it, or a man who kicks every day of his life when he has to go to work, but sinks into the lowest abyss of misery and discontent when he is finally retired.

And it is the same with literature. We may not approve of modern methods. We may talk loudly about the "classics" and their great value. We may say that the novel of today is nothing but a coarse melodrama and not worthy of being called literature at all. But the fact remains that once we have come under the influence of these works we can never again go back with the same joy to the old style. The stagecoach is preferable to the automobile,—until we have ridden a few times in the automobile; and probably the aeroplane feels the same disgust and contempt for everything that

runs on wheels. And they tell me that it is the same with intoxicating liquors and drugs; once the habit takes hold of a man he is forever looking for "something stronger."

And, finally, it is the same with art. We are unconsciously looking for "something stronger." A mere imitation of nature ceases to satisfy us, just as the unseasoned food of the nature-man or the physical-culturist has long since ceased to satisfy the demands of our modern palates. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when we enter this Winter Salon and take a preliminary look about the first hall we reach we say to ourselves that we are disappointed, that we did not expect to find such a tame, colorless show anywhere within the fortifications of Paris. But on going further and examining a little closer, and by trying to cast back in memory to what we used to love before this wave of modernism spoiled the delicacy of our taste, we see that there are things here that are not so bad, and much that we may enjoy in a quiet way. Right near the door is an excellent tinted crayon portrait of the great pianist, Harold Bauer, by Camille Boiry. A most attractive work in which the artist has admirably succeeded in catching the expression of the pianist's eyes and mouth, in repose, yet full of life. The whole drawing is done in a few light, skillful strokes that shade off into undefined shoulders and leave the background untouched.

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From this to the works of Gaston Anglade is a shock. These works, there are five of them, all alike, are good-sized paintings of hillsides covered with purple flowers. These pictures have been standing in the windows of art dealers in all parts of Paris for months, and it causes genuine astonishment that they were ever admitted to any Salon. Their colors look like those of cheap chromos: sickly greens and still more sickly reds, pinks and purples. As for technique, the artist attempts to get distance and atmosphere on the hillsides, which sink away to a river lying in a deep valley in the background, by simply filling the valley with a thick mist or haze. But the strange thing about it is that all sorts of detail of the most intimate kind is seen in this mist just as if it were near at hand in the clear sunshine.

Henry Barnoin paints river and harbor scenes, and paints them with much spirit. Especially noticeable is one large picture by this artist named "Fog at Douarnenez." This is a harbor. A wharf fills one side running away into the distance and fog. Fish boats of all sorts are crowded up against it. There is a suggestion of larger boats in the fog. This is a grey picture yet full of luminosity, and is especially remarkable for the happy medium the artist has reached between too careful attention to detail and too careless drawing. The work has all the earmarks of modernism, but is kept sanely within bounds. It is, so to speak, the old method modernized.

Another painter who does the same thing is Charles Bertier. His "Lake Peytarel" and "Gorges of Guil," both of them mountain scenes, are full of fine, color-cut detail, but the artist shows what seems to me a remarkable faculty of selection in choosing just what things to paint and what things to omit, so that his pictures evidence none of that distasteful photographic style, yet prove that the artist might succeed with still life if he would, which, God forbid! To be more concise, the rocks in the near foreground are worked out with such care that they give the feeling of real rocks as well as of great proximity, and this detail gradually grows less and less until, in the far distance, it is a mere suggestion of outline.

Comparing this with the work of Henry Viva we find that this great attention to detail loses some of its attraction when applied to scenes where there is no far distance. Viva shows shady pools between green meadows. His greens are wonderful. One picture that is all green is especially lovely. It is named "Cloudy Day," but it hardly needs the title, for although the clouds are not particularly visible one feels immediately that there are clouds, so well is the color effect done. This is a stream running between meadows overhung by green trees. It seems to be looked at from above, which makes it a little flat; also, there is too much detail, especially on the trees in the background. But in spite of these defects it is a most attractive work, and the color is splendid. The same may be said of another work by the same man representing a dark, shady pool. In this also the color is the remarkable feature of the work. Beva, who is French in spite of his Spanish name, shows ten such works, not all equally good, but all interesting.

Gaston Brun shows four small canvases which are fine, and three large ones that are as poor as may be. It is as strange a contradiction as possible. The small pictures represent harvest scenes, fields of grain, a pond with water-lilies, all equally well done, full of light, done in a sketchy sort of technique which catches and holds the effect of nature. The large canvases, on the contrary, are dull and uninteresting. Much more remarkable are the harvest scenes of Gustave Cariot. Seen from a distance the effect of the sunlight on the sheaves of yellow grain is remarkable. The effect is so completely stereoscopic and the bundles of grain so solid, that one wonders how it was done. Getting nearer to it one wonders more at the fat and solid pocket-book of the painter, (unless, perchance, he uses house paint), for the whole surface of the canvas looks almost like a bas-relief, so thick is the paint laid on. On examining the work closely it ceases to look like anything, least of all like sheaves of grain. It is evident that the artist has dipped his brush in several colors in turn, say red, yellow and purple, taking up as much paint as the brush would hold, and has then laid it on the canvas, giving it a twist so as to free it of all its paint, and pulled it away so as to leave a high point of paint. Some of these points were at least a quarter of an inch high. The color is laid on unmixed, streaks of pure color lying side by side. And I could make out but four colors: red, yellow, purple and green. The result is remarkable.

Felix Choissard shows thirteen works large and small, all in the same manner, of which it will suffice to describe the most remarkable. This is "The Cape of Antibes." It represents water seen through a grove of trees that look like live-oaks, and islands in the distance. The whole lies in brilliant sunshine that is not golden, but white. The technique is very individual. Detail, properly speaking, there is none, but the outlines are made so sharp that it gives the impression of detail. On close examination it is seen that the actual outline is not really sharp at all, as of course it could not be, but the impression is such, and is just that of nature. In this picture the light is from behind. The trunks of the trees in the foreground are in the shade of their own leaves. Dagnan-Riviere and Gaston Roulet have both of them adopted the manner of the late Ziem. The former does it better than Ziem, the latter makes merely a poor copy. Remarkable for their beauty are the scenes of Japan shown by George Dantu. If Japan looks like this it is beautiful indeed.

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Mathurin Janssaud shows six splendid water scenes done in pastel with a wealth and variety of color that is remarkable. Like those of Remy Landeau these works are done in the spirit of sane modernism. Landeau's pictures are done in oil and represent landscapes and village scenes and are especially remarkable for their excellent brush work and strong color. The work of Charles Lefevre is attractive and individual. The "End of the Day" shows a team of plow-horses standing in a plowed field in the twilight. This is, of course, a prosaic subject, but the light effects are fine, and the horses, as well as all the other details, are mere shadows. A painting of a small pond lying before a grove of dark trees is done in the same manner and is almost equally attractive. In both of these pictures the outlines of the trees against the sky are reproduced with much verity. A group of eleven small "Souvenirs of Bretagne" by Gaston Nicolet are chiefly remarkable for their atmospheric effects. They are mostly water scenes done in deep, but brilliant colors. One in particular, a sail-boat at sunset seen before a low, dark coast-line with clouds above it lit up by the setting sun, is strikingly beautiful. Jules Ribeaucourt shows a set of "Landscapes in Provence," eight of them, that are genuine masterpieces. These are village scenes full of atmosphere yet brilliant with sunshine; a rare combination. Charles Signoret shows six water-scapes in modern style and full of vibration. They are painted with much pigment and an individual technique which it seems as if the artist had not yet fully mastered.

There are about fifteen hundred works shown in this exhibit. I have picked out those which seem to me the most interesting. I find no American names listed in the catalogue. Space forbids any special mention of the many, too many, works that look like the attempts of amateurs. And as I have already stated, the effect of the whole Salon is rather poor. That the few really good men should be willing to be hung alongside of all this mediocre stuff is hard to understand.

FRANK PATERSON.

Paris, Feb. 20, 1912.

MADAME SIMONE'S ADMIRABLE ART

"Return from Jerusalem" now playing at the Knickerbocker theater, displays to its best advantage the admirable art of Madame Simone for it demands the portrayal of a woman a little hard, a little cold, very intellectual, maintaining even under stress of great emotion a clear comprehension of her position and a passionate belief in the integrity and future of her race. The translation by Owen Johnson is admirable in that it conserves the atmosphere of the original. The play is distinctly French in character. When originally presented in Paris it created a sensation, for interest in the Dreyfus case was acute and to discuss such questions of semitism, and militarism at that time was to pour oil on the flames of race prejudice. Interest centers in the inevitable clash between misnamed Christian and Jew, and though the sympathy of the author is thoroughly anti-semitic he has presented his arguments with admirable fairness to both sides.

A brilliant Jewess scientist descended from a long line of intellectual people, is a disciple of something very like free love, believing that when she wants a thing with her whole heart and strength she will have it by virtue of the strength of her wish. She married young, but does not particularly love her husband and she has accustomed him to the idea that one day she will love another, so when she and Michel Aubier meet she does not hesitate to throw off her bonds. Aubier is different. He is a Gentle, of a Roman Catholic family, ambitious and studious, satisfied with his wife and children and uneventful existence until appeared Henriette de Chouse. He is not so ready as Henriette to give free rein to their passion but Henriette, or Judith as she prefers to be called, tells him quite frankly that she is ready to come to him and taunts him with her belief that it is not the unhappiness of his wife and children as he professes that deters him, but his own weakness. She can wait for him she says, for she wants him so much that she knows that her great desire for him will finally give him the strength to come to her.

Suzanne, Michel's wife, discovers that he loves Judith, and her recriminations lead him to follow Judith. In the next act we see them in their Paris apartment. They have just returned to Paris from Jerusalem. They have been very happy, but there is already a little rift in the lute. Michel begins to be remorseful and he bitterly resents the constant and enforced association with Judith's Jewish friends. Opinions that he has always advocated assume a different complexion when they proceed from the lips of Jews. In an effective scene, where several of these intellectuals are gathered together, there is an excited argument and Michel, reaching the limit of his endurance, orders Vowenburg out of his house. Vowenburg is Judith's candidate for a certain political appointment and the opponent of the man whom Michel has promised his support. Feeling that her husband has been absolutely in the wrong and resenting a slight he has put upon one of her own people Judith goes to the length of writing the minister a letter in which she makes her husband appear to espouse Vowenburg's cause. It is the only reparation she feels that Michel can make for the rudeness of which he has been guilty, and the result is a violent quarrel. The next morning Michel's wife comes to tell him that she wishes to secure a divorce that she may remarry and to ask that he will not oppose her having her children. He generously grants her request. Judith follows close upon her. She has thought matters over and feeling that it has been denied her to bring out the greatness of Michel she decides that she will not stay with him to make him small. He and his wife will be reunited and she will go to Jerusalem and in the shadow of the temple she will espouse the cause of her people.

At no moment in the play is one profoundly moved. But at all times one is interested. There is abundant opportunity for variety in Madame Simone's playing, but none at all for any especial appeal. In the quarrel scene with Michel the wrangling reaches a height that would seem to transcend the bounds of good taste, but it is magnificently Jewish. As a study of both Christian and Jew the presentation is superb. Mr. Arnold Daly plays the not particularly brilliant Michel excellently. He shows a slight tendency to oratory but he plays with a sure touch and he is especially fine in those moments when under the cloak of silence he reveals the sense of brooding thought. The cast is generally good. Miss Ivy Troutman as Michel's sister deserves a special word for she plays with a vivacity that is very charming and adds materially to the comedy of the play. Miss Selene Johnain gives a sincere portrayal of the wife, but she is inclined to stagginess and she has not mastered the art of breathing. In all of the emotional scenes her audible breathing destroyed the possibility of producing an effort.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, March 1, 1912.

By the Way



Sample of Wells-Fargo Ways

Since the personal experience I have had with express companies' methods of doing business, I am not at all surprised to learn from the interstate commerce quiz that in the matter of overcharges alone one company, the American Express, rolled up the tidy sum of \$67,000 in one year. Last November I sent a new tennis racket by the Wells-Fargo company to my son at Stanford, prepaying the charges and placing on the article a valuation of \$10. It reached its destination broken squarely in two, apparently a heavy object, probably a trunk, having fallen on the racket. With an acknowledgment from the Palo Alto agent to this effect the Los Angeles office was promptly notified and a claim for \$8, the exact cost of the racket, made. My letter, with enclosure from the agent, was duly noted and thereafter silence for a month. At Christmas I bought a new racket, but not with money returned from the express office. Another month slipped by. I wrote a jogging letter. Still no action. Then I called at the Wells-Fargo office. Nobody knew anything about it. I interviewed everybody except the janitor and as he chanced to be out I could get no satisfaction. I wrote again. Still no response. It is now four months since I filed my claim and the company, by its attitude, shows how little regard it has for the common decencies. Of course, I am compelled to sue, but it should not be necessary.

Huntington-Childs Building Held Up

Henry E. Huntington, who has been away from Los Angeles for several months, must have been surprised to learn that there is a scheme brewing for the city to acquire his Los Angeles Railway Company. I have an intimation from New York, where Mr. Huntington is staying, that he is not averse to selling to the city, as with conditions as they are he is a bit discouraged about his future operations in this city. When Mr. Huntington left here, he had given orders for the first of a series of buildings on the Childs property at Twelfth and Broadway. This was to have been an eleven-story affair, to have cost about \$1,250,000. It is possible that for the present the project may be held up, as in the event of a sale of the Huntington railways there will be no need for such a structure, at least in the near future. The new building was to have housed all of the Huntington enterprises here, with the lower floors as a sort of Los Angeles Railway central station. I hear that Mr. Huntington's return has been postponed.

How Los Angeles Has Scored

Financial Los Angeles is watching with much interest the outcome of the struggle in Mexico, which has an important bearing upon local conditions. Especially is this true of the securities of the Mexican Petroleum Company and its affiliations, including the Mexican National Gas Company. This city has upward of a hundred million dollars directly invested below the Rio Grande, and several New York and European bankers have recently taken over a large chunk of Mexican Petroleum on option and directly, at high prices. The original plan was to gather in all of the Mexican securities that could be procured, later listing them on the important world's exchanges. Wall street was to have been invaded, as were the London Stock Exchange, the Paris Bourse, and the exchange in Berlin. Stock was accumulated first about four months ago, at about 35. Then prices were followed up the line until the recent high of 56 was reached. All told, about 80,000 shares were accumulated of Mexican Common, in addition to a big block of preferred. Then came the present troubles, just when the eastern world-wide trading was to have started, with a good sized dividend to help the killing. The revolution appears to have halted several important plans, and at this time the outcome is doubtful. The inside pools have the securities, and Los Angeles has the cash that was paid in exchange. The shares in question are, of course, as good as ever, and when the troubles in Mexico are over, the boosting plans will probably be carried out. Meantime, Los Angeles may have an opportunity to buy back at a good profit the shares

that were disposed of at high prices in the east. It appears to be the one time that this city has nicked Wall street and other international trade marts.

Poor Old Trib

Conditions on the Earl Los Angeles newspapers, only recently quieted, appear to be seething again. It is reported that Managing Editor Kloeber of the Tribune has handed his resignation to the proprietor, and is only awaiting the name of his successor before stepping out. For a time the gossip was to the effect that E. Fenner Webb was to step into the vacancy, but the latter insists that he is entirely satisfied with his place on the Express. It is said that the new man will have to be both publisher and managing editor. Apropos of newspapers, it is apparent that the Herald is doing fairly well in the afternoon field, with circulation booming and advertising copy more plentiful each week. There is a rumor afoot that another new evening paper is to be attempted this time in the interest of the Woodrow Wilson presidential boom, but I take little stock in the yarn.

Facilus Descensus Averno

Henry E. Carter, at one time deputy attorney general, and for several terms a member of the legislature, has taken to newspaper work, having acquired an interest in and taken the editorship of a Wilmington weekly. Carter once thought he was certain to make a large fortune in mining, only to strike water after most of his savings were exhausted. Recently, he took up his residence near the inner harbor, in order to practice law, and seized the opportunity to become half owner in the Wilmington Journal. I have an idea that he will break into politics again one of these days.

Pretty Cheap Gas Now

It is not unlikely that Southern California will have cheaper gas than any large city in the United States before long. Since the Huntington-Kerckhoff interests have obtained from the county a franchise to lay mains in several important outside thoroughfares, between here and Tehachapi, work is to be rushed on piping natural gas from the lower end of the San Joaquin Valley to this section. As the same owners control the gas situation in several localities as far north as Fresno, that section will gain a similar benefit. The outlay involved will reach into the millions. As hundreds of thousands of feet of natural gas are now being wasted throughout the Midway district, the prospects are that fuel and lighting facilities will cost less here than ever before.

Blessed Be Pickles

H. J. Heinz of the fifty-seven varieties is among the eastern men of great wealth who expect to become residents of Southern California. Mr. Heinz is at present in Pasadena, where he has been inspecting building sites. It is reported that a hundred thousand dollar mansion is to be the outcome of the Heinz visit here.

Great is Copper

Few persons are aware of the fact that in Hollywood there is nearing completion one of the handsomest residences in Southern California. The owner is Joseph L. Giroux, for several years manager for William A. Clark in Montana and Arizona. Mr. Giroux made a fortune by locating copper prospects in Ely, Nev., later selling to the Cole-Ryan-Standard Oil interests for an immense sum. The building of his Hollywood place will cost about \$100,000, and the furnishing will require a like sum. It is now nearly ready for occupancy. A burglar alarm system, installed in the tower of the main building, is said to represent about \$5,000.

"Dave" Francis May Be Fixture

David R. Francis, former governor of Missouri, and for a time secretary of the interior under Cleveland, has been in the city this week. If his son, Sidnev, is successful in his persuasions Mr. Francis will become a Los Angeleno one of these days. The former is a "gentleman farmer" in the vicinity of Altadena, and has refused all of his father's inducements to go back to Missouri.

Salt Lake Exposition Plans

Senator W. A. Clark and his associates have practically determined upon a plan of important expansion, with several feeders for the main line of the Salt Lake to be rushed to completion. The company increased its bonded indebtedness from \$60,000,000 to \$70,000,000 at a special stockholders' meeting held for that purpose in Salt Lake City this week. The Clark portion of the amount did not come out of Wall street, contrary to similar cases. The money was secured from the senator's United Verde mine. The \$5,000,000 that he will be forced to procure as his portion of the additional funds

will come from the same golconda. One of these days there is to be a Clark feeder to the Grand Canyon.

Electric Road to Tia Juana

Pacific Electric trains will soon be operated between Los Angeles and Tia Juana, through San Diego—realizing the plan conceived several years ago by Henry E. Huntington and Epes Randolph. The details have been worked out, and, as usual, R. C. Gillis is acting as the Southern Pacific agent in the matter. The Spreckels interests are in on the enterprise, and by the time the Panama canal is open, this city and San Diego will probably have such transportation.

Land Values to Remain

Bankers and others whose opinion is worth noting are congratulating City Assessor Walter Mallard upon his refusal to become a party to the Reed-Alexander effort to increase the city's land value for the purposes of municipal taxation. The object appears to have been to raise sufficient revenues in additional bonding for the acquisition of the city's street railway system. While those who criticize the idea do not impugn the motive, it is insisted that such a move would materially injure the city in that it would act as a deterrent in the buying of real estate. It is also said that if Los Angeles is to try the single tax, the experiment should be made in the open, and not in the half light contemplated by the mayor and Councilman Reed.

Chinese Republic Agent

Los Angeles is to have a Chinese vice consul, as soon as the credentials of the appointee can be sent across the Pacific. The diplomatic agent is Wen Yen Ark, highly esteemed in the Oriental quarter, who is said to owe his appointment to the intervention of Homer Lea, who, apparently, is a factor in the destiny of China. Japan will be represented here at an early day, and Germany also will soon name a consular agent for Southern California.

Shock to Dr. Fisher

Dr. Daniel W. Fisher, father of the secretary of the interior, who is visiting Los Angeles, of course, did not come on a political mission, and the intimation to the contrary, printed in an evening paper, must have been a shock to the reverend gentleman. The paragraph naively declares that it was not known whether or not Dr. Fisher had come here to do politics—a futile observation that should not have seen print.

Jonathans Debating New Home

Jonathan Club members have been expecting that in the event of a new Huntington building, a permanent home would undoubtedly be provided for that organization. In the absence of anything definite on the subject, the club management has begun to figure on the course to take when the club's lease expires in the next three years. Last week, a tentative offer was made to erect a club building on the Pacific Mutual site adjoining its home on Olive street opposite Central Park. The matter has not progressed far, and may come to naught. Apparently, the idea is to lease the lot in question, the Pacific Mutual agreeing to erect such a building as the club may desire. Certain phases of life insurance are a part of the plan, and it is this feature that may prevent anything tangible resulting.

San Diego "Times" Projected

I referred last week to the newspaper situation in San Diego, and to the several tentative schemes to establish a new morning daily there. The situation of the promoters has clarified considerably since then. I am told that Edgar Johnson has decided to stay out of the field, and that there is but one set of aspirants for the task of founding the new paper. About six months ago Harry Gray, then of the Examiner, made a thorough canvass of the field, and laid the initial lines. He secured a Hearst morning service franchise, and satisfied himself that the field was ripe for a new daily. Winfield Scott came into the enterprise about a month ago, being in a position to find the remainder of the money which it was thought was necessary to raise before starting. At this time a force of men is canvassing San Diego for advertising for a progressive morning newspaper, and the encouragement met and contracts written have satisfied the promoters that it will pay to go ahead. The plan of the projected newspaper does not involve an attack either on Spreckels or the Spreckels' interests. The Union, which is owned by John D. Spreckels, is an out-and-out Taft publication, and the majority of Republicans in the county probably think the other way. There is no doubt that the city of San Diego has grown from 39,000 which was shown by the census of 1910 to be upward of 60,000 and this fact

and the general activity that is prevailing in the place have persuaded Gray and Scott that the field is wide open. But there will be no anti-Spreckels campaign. There ought to be room for two, and Gray and Scott intend to proceed along that theory.

Shrine Festival to Be a Wonder

More than one hundred and twenty trains from the east already have been booked from Los Angeles for the coming Shrine festival to be held here in May. It is believed that the meeting this year will be by far the most successful in the history of the order, and will bring in excess of 50,000 visitors. Delegations are coming from England, Hawaii, Mexico and other foreign sections. Los Angeles will spend, through Al Malaikah Temple, upward of \$100,000 for hospitality, and the Fiesta that is to be held at the time is to be of unusual brilliance. The Shrine circus this week was a decided social and financial success, for which full credit should be given Herbert L. Cornish, who was in charge of all details.

Another Delayed Appointment Likely

Robert T. Davlin having resigned as United States district attorney for northern California, it will be the province of Senator George C. Perkins to suggest a successor. As the president will probably not be influenced by any recommendation in which Senator Works may join, there is likely to be another deadlock, such as exists over the San Francisco postmastership. Devlin was appointed by President Roosevelt, at the recommendation of Senators Perkins and Flint. At one time he aspired to the senatorship when Flint was chosen, and mustered a few votes in the contest. The issue raised has aroused interest here because of the politics involved.

Commodore Pendleton Next

Collector of Customs C. W. Pendleton is to have a private yacht, to be supplied by the government. The senate committee on commerce has allowed an appropriation of \$10,000 for a customs launch for use at San Pedro. Congressman Stephens probably will see that the vessel is in commission within the year.

Funny Political Mixup

Senator Works' declaration in favor of Theodore Roosevelt has caused several of his admirers to ask how he will reconcile his endorsement with his criticism of the colonel which once appeared in the Arena magazine. It is more than possible that Senator Robert M. La Follette may come here before the presidential primaries. Such an invitation has been mailed to Washington. In the event that Mr. La Follette does not visit Los Angeles in the near future, he is to be asked to write a letter defining his position in the presidential contest for the enlightenment of Los Angeles and Southern California following.

Mark May Miss It

Over in Phoenix, there has been launched a vice-presidential boom for Mark Smith of Tucson. Senator Smith is to head the Arizona delegation to the Democratic national convention, and as he is supposed to be for Hearst for the head of the ticket, his admirers are afraid that he may be forced from the running for second place. Epes Randolph, who has always stood by Smith in politics, is said to be willing to back the latter for any office. With Mark Smith on the Democratic end of the argument, and with Hiram Johnson on the Republican ticket, the hands across the continent slogan could be worked to the limit.

Bitter Contest Ahead

Governor Hiram Johnson is to open the Roosevelt primary campaign in Southern California tonight, the occasion promising the beginning of what is likely to be one of the bitterest political contests in the history of California. I hear that Philip A. Stanton is to have charge of the organization of Southern California in the interest of President Taft. The presidential preference primary is two months distant.

Lining Up for the Conventions

Apparently, it is all over but the electing, so far as California delegates to the several national conventions are concerned. The former regular organization is the single machine that as yet has not selected its agents. The Roosevelt cohorts have given this section one of the big four that must be chosen, in the person of Meyer Lissner. Marshall Stimson and Lee C. Gates are to represent the congressional delegation of which Los Angeles is the important part. I am informed that Senator Gates is to make one of the seconding speeches for the colonel at Chicago. Among the Democracy, George S. Patton and Timothy Spellacy are to be

delegates at large under the standard of Woodrow Wilson, while Judge Albert M. Stephens wishes to perform a similar service for Champ Clark. For the former regular Republican organization, Frank P. Flint is to be on the primary ballot, with a similar honor to be offered to U. S. Grant of San Diego. I believe Col. D. C. Collier of San Diego will be a district Roosevelt primary aspirant from San Diego county.

Diaz May Return

That Porfirio Diaz may be induced to return to Mexico and resume the presidency of that republic was confirmed this week by advices from New York. A few days ago, New York supporters of the former dictator were advised that in the event a demand is made on him, Diaz will gladly respond to what he would consider the call of duty. Los Angeles friends of Diaz were the first to be apprised of his feelings in the matter. In a recent letter received here Diaz wrote: "I am an old man now, and nothing would please me more than to have quiet for the remainder of my days. At the same time, I should be more than anxious to do what I can to bring tranquility to my country. Especially would I like to pass what is left for me in this life among the scenes I love. For power I care nothing more, but for the peace of my native land I would gladly contribute my share, and make all sacrifice." In the event of the end of the Madero regime, Diaz is almost certain to be invited to return, even though he may not be asked to resume the presidency.


Masonic Power in Mexico

From one conversant with Mexican politics, I have learned much of conditions as they exist south of the Rio Grande. My informant tells me that whether or not the Madero regime survives the present crisis, De la Bara and his following will not be allowed to control the situation. Jose Limanteur, probably the most able Mexican of today, is also barred. For years, the important leaders have been affiliated with Masonry, which appears to have a remarkable appeal to the Latin born. Diaz was formerly at the head of Masons in the southern republic, and all of his principal satraps were in power in the order, all climbing upward as high as possible. The former president has reached the thirty-third degree, and assisted in organizing the first Shrine Temple in Mexico. At that time, a number of Los Angelans participated in the ceremonies, and all of the Diaz cabinet, except Limanteur, joined the organization. Madero also became a Mason, W. L. Vale, formerly of Pasadena, having been instrumental in securing for him the first degrees. Madero has gone to the thirty-second, and if he is still in power at the time of the Los Angeles Shrine festival, and circumstances do not interfere, he will come here with the celebrated Police Band of Mexico City as his escort. It is because of these facts that most members of the American colony in the city of Mexico will not be molested, no matter what may be the outcome of the present crisis. The recent Ascona interview sent out from Mexico city, in which it was intimated that American blood is to flow in streams in the event of intervention, is believed to have been given out for political reasons by the erstwhile Madero secretary, who is recalled in Los Angeles as an excitable Latin of the type familiarized by Richard Harding Davis.

What a pity that the Chinese exclusion law forces the smuggling of Chinamen into this country. What California needs is a restricted, amended law that will give us a limited number of the soft-footed Mongolians annually. As house servants they cannot be excelled.

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Music

By W. F. Gates

Usually, it is a case of feast or famine in Los Angeles musical matters. The famine came the last two weeks of February. March opens with a feast. Here is the list of concerts the first dozen days of the month: Two recitals by Tetrassini, recital by Zembalist. Special Gamut Club night, symphony orchestra concert with Harold Bauer as soloist, Lyric Club concert, big Italian program at the Auditorium, and a recital by Harold Bauer. How is that for a feast? How would you like to be a musical and dramatic critic in Los Angeles and be responsible for articles on all these, in addition to perhaps six or eight good theatrical performances? And yet that is the stunt for several of the critics on the Los Angeles papers. Is it any wonder that you can find fault with the reports you read—find them incomplete or inaccurate? Perhaps you do not find in them evidence of musical education or discerning judgment; in such a case find fault with the system and not with the writer. Possibly, he doesn't know a dominant seventh from a contra bassoon, but his city editor says, "Write" and he writeth. It is a poor newspaper man who wouldn't tackle a criticism of the Almighty if he were assigned the task. His chief judges his ability by the number of words he turns in—at least that has been the rule in Los Angeles in the last decade with two notable exceptions—one of which the editor of The Graphic wouldn't permit me to mention, modest man.

Tetrassini of the velvet voice delighted lovers of beautiful tone production and coloratura singing at the Auditorium Friday night to the number of about 2500, with probably more than \$4000 in the house—and we will hope that the bouncing prima donna didn't get it all. No more luscious tone than Tetrassini's has been heard since her last visit to Los Angeles, if ever, though, possibly, the finely attuned ear may remember those of greater accuracy on the altissimo notes. The two great features about this artist's singing are the velvety (pardon the words a second time) quality of the middle register and the wonderful flexibility of her vocal pyrotechnics. When a number calls for more dramatic force, like the "Ritorna Vincitor" (Aida), with which the singer made her opening bow, her work is less successful. Nor is it in the essay of English ballads—the management recognizes the necessity of stating on the program that the language used is English. It is rather in such as the Gounod "Ave Maria" for tone quality, and florid arias like the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia." This latter, I never heard sung more deliciously, both as to tone color and as to impeccable floriture. Certainly, it was as great an example of the art of "bel canto" as may be heard in these days. Only five songs were programmed by the prima donna—evidently experience has taught her to count on the four encore numbers she gave, to say nothing of the half-dozen encores that were not so rewarded. And then came the delight of the non-musician, the "Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home."

To a coloratura concert the flute and the "Mad Scene" are as necessary as a piano, and Emelio Puyans was the flutist on this occasion. A rattling good one he is, too, getting as many

tonal shadings out of his rather monotonous instrument, in proportion, as Tetrassini does for a coloratura soprano. Yves Nat proved delightful as soloist as well as accompanist, a really temperamental pianist whose caressing touch was a musical joy. The excellencies of his playing were obscured somewhat by the piano he used. Harold Meek, baritone, held the unenviable position of second fiddle on a prima donna program. His voice reminds one much of that of Charles Bowes, for several years a well-known soloist here. He is a big fellow, most presentable, and has a pleasing voice.

Monday night the same features as above were notable. Tetrassini's numbers programmed were "Ah fors e lui," "Solvieg's Song," the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," and, of course, "The Last Rose of Summer," et al. Again, there was an immense audience and proportionate enthusiasm, and shekels galore for Tetrassini and Behymer—it is to be hoped that there are some left in town for Zimbalist and Bauer.

Like a young fellow just from the halls of a college, Efrem Zimbalist impressed one at his only recital in Los Angeles, Tuesday night. The Harold Bauer rain—every good pianist save Pachmann brings rain to Los Angeles—kept away a quarter of his audience and the other three-quarters received the violinist rather coolly. It was interesting to see what a change came



Harold Bauer in Recital

over its attitude by the close of the York-Bowen suite, with which the program opened. By then it had become all enthusiasm, and could not get enough. So an encore was granted even the first number. The program was made up rather unconventionally, opening with said suite, then a Bach prelude and fugue and the Bruch concerto in the center, closing with lighter selections from Pierne and Kreisler. Half a dozen encore numbers were added to these. The York-Bowen number was a decided novelty and very welcome. Its composer is a London pianist and the suite is dedicated to Kreisler. It does not make claim to such development as one would find in a sonata—and is rather in the latter-day spirit for that. At times it is Debussytic in flavor—if one may coin a word—but not enough so to suffer

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from the Frenchman's vagueness of tonality. The remainder of the program was well known. Zimbalist has a straightforward and manly style, devoid of mannerisms. His playing is virile, backed by a strong feeling for rhythm and much variety of nuance. This, together with a broad tone, makes his work altogether delightful. He does not fear to do things his own way, as was seen in the interpretation he gave the Dvorak "Humoresque." The Kreisler interpretation, beautiful as it is, left one wondering where the humor came in. Zimbalist takes it very much quicker in the first theme, in a jiggy sort of fashion that has more of the humorous touch, if less sentiment. In the Bach fugue and the Bruch concerto he showed his broader scholarship in a way that satisfied the violin connoisseurs. The accompaniments were delightfully played by Sam Chotzinoff—no, not Samuel, just plain Sam, the program said so. Soon we shall be hearing of Joe Hoffmann, H! Eddy and Dave Bispham!

At the Ebell Club Saturday afternoon, Nell Lockwood McCune and Mrs. Hennion Robinson gave a pretty voice and piano program. Mr. McCune programmed a dozen songs of modern writers, among them a flower group and an oriental group. Mrs. Robinson played selections from Leschetitzky and Chaminade, as well as the accompaniments.

"Vivi Italia" is the slogan for next Monday night at the Auditorium. There the Dante Allegheri society offers a program by Italians for the Red Cross society of Italy, which just now has a place for its funds. It is a strong and varied program containing unusual features, such as the combination of orchestra with the Marine band, Venice band and Ocean Park band, led by Lebegott of the Lambardi company, Gregory, Chafferelli, and Donatelli, Mmes. Tromben and Godsey will sing, as will also Signor Dupuy. A novelty will be a saxophone octet and new arrangements from Italian operas for bands and orchestra. The finale is a march dedicated to the heroes of Italy, by Mr. Lebegott—Italian, in spite of his name—performed by eighty players of the bands and orchestra, under the composer. This is one of the benefit programs worth hearing outside of its humanitarian aspects.

Under the auspices of the Southern California chapter of the American Guild of Organists, a recital was given Monday night at the Pasadena Presbyterian church, where the excellent instrument, perhaps the best in any Southern California church, gave the performers the best of opportunities. They were W. F. Skeele, of the First Congregational church, F. H. Colby of the Cathedral, Ray Hastings of the Temple Auditorium, and Sibley Pease



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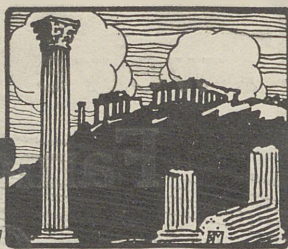
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of the Westminster M. E. church. An address was made by Ernest Douglas of St. Paul's and the choir of the entertaining church sang, under the direction of M. F. Mason, organist and choir leader. The program was among the best this chapter has given.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

Conway Griffith—Steckel Gallery.
Norman St. Clair—Daniell Gallery.
Ford Etchings—Dawson Gallery.
DeLongpre Collection—Harvey Gallery.

All those who have loved the buff-faced cliffs and the green-blue surf of Laguna Beach will find a feast, for their eyes, at least, in the collection of nineteen long-shore marines and near-shore landscapes from the brush of Conway Griffith which are now on public exhibition at the Steckel Gallery. This worthy showing opened Monday for the usual two weeks' run, in which time the gallery will be open to the public free of charge every day from nine to five. I was about to assert that the present showing is the first local display of Mr. Griffith's work ever made in Los Angeles, but of this I am not certain. I am sure, however, that it is the first one to come to my notice in the six years that I have labored in the field of western art. In that time I have heard of Conway Griffith. Long ago I knew he lived in a quaint studio high on a castellated cliff at Laguna Beach, that paradise for marine painters. I knew that he was a watercolorist of distinction and that his work was vastly popular with all who saw it. I have heard the great and the near-great talk of Conway Griffith. I have seen work by this artist in the collections of Madame Modjeska, Richard Mansfield, and Sol Smith Russell, yet I have lived a neighbor to the artist and often been a visitor to his picturesque village, there to be entertained by his intimate friends, and never yet have I seen the man himself and never until to-day a representative group of his work. Conway Griffith may be a delightful myth, he may be even a sea-god, for I am sure the sounding caves and the pounding surf of Laguna attract to her shores all the masterful monsters of the deep.

There is something mysterious, almost weird, about a collection of paintings from the hand of an artist you have never seen. In reviewing the splendid work of Jules Pages, or Margaret Patterson, I am always wondering if I would interpret their pictures in a different way were I to know them well. Some argue with reason that the only fair review of a work of art is the one written by the review on the opposite side of the world from the artist who produced the object. This assertion was no doubt prompted by a colossal display of favoritism on the part of the critic in connection with the public gallery of one or more of his artist friends. Let it be as it may, I argue that a genial, broad-minded, perhaps even a wide-angled, acquaintance with the artist will aid any critic in doing justice to the creations of his mind. Mind is a very superficial basis of argument, but owing to limited space I refuse to open a discussion on "soul."

Mr. Griffith paints a pleasing and a well-considered picture. At times I think perhaps his mood is a trifle too sweet for the virility of his subject, but he never fails to satisfy the eye trained to see beauty of line and color. In a few of his larger sea and cliff studies I wish that he might have worked for a greater variety of color in the foreground and a more general feeling of solidity. Moving water, breaking swells, pushing surf, and ed-

dying tide prove the best vantage point from which to study Griffith's pictures. Water is his forte. He paints it in a masterful way. It has life, transparency, wetness, and movement, and in nine cases out of ten is the best feature in his canvas. The skies are also well treated. In "Coward's Cave," a fantastic composition of rocks, cliffs, and sea, we have a gray sky of wonderful beauty. Again in "Cloudy Summer Morning" we find a gray sky as lovely as a smoked pearl. Again, in "Up the Hillside" the rather uncertain quality of the landscape is outweighed by a pulsating sky of rare handling. "A Rock-bound Shore" proves Mr. Griffith a good technician, even though I find him timid when strong accents would add greatly to the success of a canvas. Two large studies without number were marked sold. These are by great odds the best things in the exhibition. They are sure in values, full of fine living color, and harmonious in tone and composition.

"Wood Canyon" and "An Autumn Day" are both pretty in color, but rather weak in treatment. "The Incoming Tide" is notable for the simple, direct treatment of the cliff in the foreground. "A Golden Cliff and a Sapphire Sea" is crisp and fresh and contains good qualities of light and air. "Early Morning at Aliso" is nice in color but lacks solidity, while "Almost Upon the Western Wave Rested the Bright Sun" is a trifle pictorial and not half so beautiful as its poetic title. "Into the Mist" is well treated and a very successful picture withal. It is particularly fine in feeling and the effect of floating mist is skillfully rendered. Several small sketches that are not numbered are of merit and add much to the showing. In all of Mr. Griffith's work I find a certain intimate relation with nature which gives a truthful touch even to his most uninteresting subjects. I think these pictures will grow upon one and each time they are seen new beauty and broader truth will be discovered in them. However, if one is looking for deep, hidden meanings and subtleties of technique, or an analysis of the psychology of art, I fear the simple beauty of Mr. Griffith's offering on the altar of truth will be lost.

At the new gallery recently opened by Ernest Dawson in connection with the Old Book Shop in South Hill Street, are to be seen this week and next a collection of twenty-four etchings of the Missions of California by Henry Chapman Ford. These well drawn studies are of unusual interest, for aside from their many artistic qualities they have great historic worth. Mr. Ford, coming west from Chicago in 1871, secured material for his extensive collection of paintings, etchings and drawings of missions in a manner at once accurate and thorough. It was the artist's purpose to give to posterity an exact record of these fine old churches as they originally appeared. In so doing he did not lose sight of the artistic quality so necessary to the success of such works. In these plates he has suggested much of the romance and glamour which hangs like a dream veil of golden fibre about these ruins of a New Spain. I had the pleasure several years ago of seeing in the home of Mr. Ford's widow the entire collection of oil studies which the careful artist had prepared as a documentary record of these historic piles. From these his etching plates were later en-



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graved. Mr. Ford loved the west, especially the land where sets the sun, and this feeling of reverence for its charm and beauty can be felt in all his work. I am gratified to learn that although this is the last set on the market that duplicate sets are owned by the public libraries in Pasadena, Los Angeles, and Hollywood. They are of value both ethnologically and artistically, and I trust many will see this showing at Dawson's.

Monday and Tuesday of this week a return exhibition of old English color prints from New York gallery of Ackermann & Son was held in the Dawson Gallery. Mr. Smith, who brought this collection to the coast reports a successful round of exhibitions and declares that the prints have been received with great enthusiasm wherever shown.

Julia Bracken Wendt has resumed work on the colossal group of statuary for the Fine Arts Gallery after a vacation of two weeks.

Norman St. Clair's exhibition at the Daniell Gallery will continue for another week. Eleven canvasses have already been sold. As I write this news has just come of Mr. St. Clair's death at Pasadena. I will consider his life work later.

Edgar Keller is now holding an exhibition of his eastern and Arizona desert studies in oil at the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena.

The exhibition of desert and California landscapes and portraits by Joseph Greenbaum now hung in Blanchard Gallery will continue another week, closing March 16.

William Wendt has just returned from an extended sketching trip in the north.

Third in the series of At Home Art Talks—"Discussions Along Pathways of Art"—was given by Miss Thekla Mertens at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Goldsmith Tuesday morning. Miss Mertens chose as her subject "Simplicity and a Digression with Olakuro Kakugo." The next lecture, "Beauty

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in the House," will be given Tuesday, March 19, at the residence of Miss Florence Moore.



Social & Personal



This week's largest event was the luncheon with which Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge, formerly Miss Agnes Hole, complimented her mother, Mrs. Willits J. Hole, who recently returned from a trip around the world. The affair was given at Hotel Alexandria, and Mrs. Rindge was assisted by Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth, Miss Margaret Miller and Miss Ada Seeley. It was Mrs. Rindge's first large affair since her marriage, and marked her debut as a society matron. The tables were brightened with centerpieces of delicate pink rosebuds, garnished with greenery, and covers were laid for Mrs. Fred L. Baker, Mrs. E. C. Bellows, Mrs. Allison Barlow, Mrs. William Bayly, Jr., Mrs. H. M. Bishop, Mrs. Alexander B. Barrett, Mrs. Guy C. Boynton, Mrs. David C. Bradley, Mrs. William S. Cross, Mrs. D. L. Crenshaw, Mrs. L. A. Crenshaw, Mrs. J. W. Coulter, Mrs. E. A. Curtiss, Mrs. John D. Cornwell, Mrs. William H. Cline, Mrs. Joseph Clark, Mrs. R. V. Day, Mrs. LeRoy Edwards, Mrs. Phillip Forve, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. S. M. Goddard, Mrs. Marion M. Gray, Mrs. Henderson Hayward, Mrs. Augustus Hines, Mrs. Herman Henneberger, Mrs. Stoddard Jess, Mrs. W. H. Jamison, Mrs. W. L. Jones, Mrs. R. W. Kenny, Mrs. Fred S. Lang, Mrs. F. W. Larned, Mrs. William R. Lacy, Mrs. J. B. Millard, Mrs. J. W. McAllister, Mrs. E. C. Maugauran, Mrs. J. H. Miles, Mrs. Orra E. Monnette, Mrs. T. S. Miller, Mrs. M. L. Moore, Mrs. Simon Maier, Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd, Mrs. Z. D. Mathuss, Mrs. Robert McJohnston, Mrs. C. F. Noyes, Mrs. W. W. Neuer, Mrs. Charles O. Nourse, Mrs. Elizabeth Nash, Mrs. Ford Prior, Mrs. Valentine Peyton, Mrs. Charles L. Peck, Mrs. Eugene T. Pettigrew, Mrs. W. C. Patterson, Mrs. W. W. Orcutt, Mrs. Nicholas E. Rice, Mrs. W. J. Rouse, Mrs. Harmon Ryus, Mrs. Walter Raymond, Mrs. David Remick, Mrs. Leah J. Seeley, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, Mrs. Forrest Stanton, Mrs. J. B. Stearns, Mrs. Asa Stedman, Mrs. J. M. Russell, Mrs. L. T. Shettler, Mrs. A. L. Sendall, Mrs. George P. Thresher, Mrs. Tudor Tiederman, Mrs. O. A. Vickery, Mrs. Joseph A. Wilson, Mrs. R. B. Williamson, Mrs. S. J. Whitmore, Mrs. Woods Woolwine, Mrs. H. I. Whitley, Mrs. W. J. Wallace, Mrs. James G. Warren, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Miss Hazel Barlow, Miss Helen Brant, Miss Day, Miss Ruth Larned, Miss Josephine Lacy, Miss Virginia Nourse, Miss Mamie Maier, Miss Winifred Maxon, Miss Marybelle Peyton, Miss Florence Thresher, Miss Helen Thresher and Miss Pauline Vollmer.

Mrs. Taylor Lewis Ely of 615 St. Andrews Place also entertained Wednesday with a beautiful bridge luncheon. Twelve tables were arranged, covered with yellow linen cloths stenciled in jonquils. A centerpiece of jonquils beautified each table, and a corsage bouquet of violets was provided for each guest. Throughout the house the same color scheme was carried out with the fragrant violets and jonquils, and the hostess' gown was in keeping with the decorations, as were the ices and delicacies served. The prize for each table was a cut glass bowl, daintily packed in a box painted with violets and tied with violet ribbons. In each bowl rested a yellow satin jonquil, the work of the hostess, as were the hand-painted boxes. Those who enjoyed the charming afternoon were Mrs. W. K. Reese, Mrs. John K. Wilson, Mrs. John C. Bannister, Mrs. Albert Weber, Mrs. David Peacock, Mrs. Burton E. Green, Mrs. William Rhodes Herve, Mrs. Loren D. Sale, Mrs. Waller Chanslor, Mrs. Joseph Bumiller,

Mrs. Gilbert King, Mrs. Agnew, Mrs. Sidney H. Ellis, Mrs. Sterling Lines, Mrs. A. A. Burnand, Mrs. Olin Wellborn, Mrs. Force Parker, Mrs. Arthur Levitt, Mrs. Walter Barnwell, Mrs. J. A. Vaughn, Mrs. J. F. Andrews, Jr., Mrs. E. W. Fleming, Mrs. W. A. Morgan, Mrs. B. A. Nebeker, Mrs. Will Innes, Mrs. Glover Widney, Mrs. Willard Doran, Mrs. A. L. Cheney, Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. Claire Tappann, Mrs. Charles Wier, Mrs. Willis Hunt, Mrs. Alfred Donau, Mrs. Franc Nixon Coffin, Mrs. Ralph Williams, Mrs. W. W. Woods, Miss Bird Chanslor and Miss Stadie Weber.

Wednesday morning Miss Mary Mather, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wyley Mather of Pasadena, became the bride of Mr. William Hoffman Kobbe, son of Major General William A. Kobbe. The Mather home was decked with roses, fresias and sweet peas, and the bride, who had no attendants, wore a pale blue traveling gown, ornamented with black satin, with a hat to match. After their honeymoon at Coronado Mr. and Mrs. Kobbe will live near Bakersfield, where Mr. Kobbe's business interests lie. Mrs. Kobbe, who has many friends among the younger set in this city, and whose engagement was announced by Miss Bird Chanslor, is a niece of the late Major John H. Norton. She was educated abroad. Mr. Kobbe is a Yale graduate, and for several years was superintendent of forestry in the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Hollday of 605 North Avenue 66 will soon occupy the handsome Hook home at Vermont avenue and West Adams street, which they recently purchased.

In honor of Miss Dorothy Simpson, who is soon to become the bride of Mr. Rex Hardy, Mrs. Frederick Hastings Rindge of Kingsley Drive gave a bridge party Thursday afternoon, her sister-in-law, Miss Rhoda Rindge, assisting in receiving. Those who enjoyed the afternoon were Mrs. Allison Davidson, Mrs. Charles Baird, Mrs. Guy Boynton, Mrs. Frank Kidder, Mrs. Walter Wallace, Miss Iva Cool, Miss Ida Corey, Miss Jessie Atwood, Miss Margaret Miller, Miss Margaret Daniell, Miss Helen McKeveit, Miss Jean Lines, Miss Bessie Baker, Miss Winifred Maxon, Miss Josephine Lacy, Miss Marjorie Hibbs, Miss Jane Eskey, Miss Sara Hanawalt, Miss Hazel Barlow, Miss Frances Whitsel, Miss Jessie Matheson, Miss Gladys Moore and Miss Helen Simpson.

Mr. Fred W. Blanchard entertained a large number of well-known Los Angelenos with a bohemian evening at the Blanchard Gallery Thursday. The affair was in honor of Mr. Joseph Greenbaum, the artist, and Mrs. Katherine Fiske, the musician. Mrs. Fiske and the Brahms Quintet rendered a musical program, and there were several impromptu offerings that added to the zest of the evening.

Mrs. John W. Trueworthy will entertain at an early date with a bridge luncheon for Dr. Trueworthy's daughter, Mrs. Albert Schuneman of St. Paul, who is visiting here. Several other affairs have been planned for Mrs. Schuneman to take place after Lent.

Mrs. Cecelia White of 492 Harvard boulevard was hostess at a bridge luncheon Tuesday afternoon, the affair being in compliment to Mrs. John R. Johnson and to Miss Florence Palmer of Wisconsin, who is the house guest of Mrs. W. F. Callender. The house was bright with carnations and fernery, and those who enjoyed the occasion were Mrs. Waller G. Chanslor, Mrs. J. P. Flint, Mrs. W. G. Cochran,

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Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

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Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

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Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.
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Mrs. C. P. Dodge of 1802 Cimarron street gave a pretty luncheon Tuesday in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Lewis of San Francisco.

Mrs. John W. Thayer of 1265 Mount Olive presided at a musicale Monday afternoon, her guests being members of the St. Cecilia Club. A "Parsifal" program was rendered by Bruce Gordon Kingsley. Special guests of the club were Miss Zona Gale, Miss Emily Beck, Mrs. L. J. Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Josef Rubo, Mrs. W. H. Jamison, and Mrs. J. B. Kingsley. Club members who enjoyed the afternoon were Mes. Harry Duffill, George Crandall, Elmer Gray, Willard Kennedy, Harry Ross, J. Lorraine Barnard, Harry Baxter, Harry Kellogg, Charles Lick, J. W. Turner, Robert Smith, Philip Zeebelein, and the Misses Helen Smyser, Mary Bouquet, Sadie Douglas, Willie Smyser, Ida Selby, Rose Chilcote, and Myrtle Ouellette.

Mrs. Frank Howard Nichols of 977 Menlo avenue leaves tomorrow for an Eastern visit.

Mrs. E. B. Drake of 497 Manhattan place entertained yesterday afternoon with a bridge luncheon for Mrs. Charles Donovan of Idaho.

Mrs. Charles M. Cotton and Miss Maybelle Peyton of Westlake avenue are at Arrowhead for a brief stay.

Mrs. L. J. Barker and Miss Arreen Barker, who are staying at the Hershey Arms, were recent hostesses for Miss Sally Bonner who is soon to marry Mr. Harry Borden. Mrs. Barker and Miss Barker gave a theater party and a tea at the Alexandria for Miss Bonner, their guests being Mrs. Forest Stanton, Mrs. Louis Tolhurst and the Misses Katherine Stearns, Marjorie Utley, Margaret Daniell and Juliet Borden.

Tuesday, April 9, has been set for the marriage of Miss Mary K. Lindley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Lindley of Menlo avenue, to Mr. Gustav Knecht of San Francisco. The ceremony will be witnessed only by intimate friends and relatives, and will take place at the Lindley home.

Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark of East Adams street gave a dinner in honor of their niece, Miss Sally Bonner, and her betrothed, Mr. Harry Borden.

Miss Juliet Borden and Mr. Sheldon Borden returned Monday from a weekend outing at Coronado. Miss Borden entertained Monday evening at dinner for Miss Arreen Barker of Paris, who is visiting in Los Angeles. Afterward Mr. George Reed gave a box party at the Mason for the guests who included Miss Sally Bonner, Miss Barker, Miss Borden, Mr. Harry Borden, Mr. Reed and Mr. Tim Horgan.

Announcement is made of the wedding of Miss Ruth Rivers to Mr. Hugh Weller Hopkins of St. Louis, the ceremony having taken place last week, coming as a surprise to Miss River's many friends.

Mrs. Samuel J. Whitmore and her little son, Master Jack, have returned from Arrowhead and Riverside, where they have been passing a month, and are again at home at Hotel Alexandria.

Mrs. Philip D. Wilson of 1940 South Union avenue has issued cards for a bridge luncheon for Thursday afternoon, at which the honored guest will be Mrs. John Lambert of Chicago, who is passing the winter here. Friday afternoon Mrs. Wilson will compliment Mrs. Harry Thompson, Mrs. Lambert's daughter, with a similar affair.

After a three months' Eastern trip, Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring have returned to Los Angeles, and are the

guests of their daughter, Mrs. Lawrence Field Kelsey. Miss Kathleen Spring has been staying with her sister while her parents were in the East. In the spring Mr. and Mrs. Spring and their daughter will occupy their beautiful new home in Beverly.

Mr. and Mrs. Martyn Haenke, who recently came to Los Angeles from San Francisco, have as their guest Mrs. Haenke's mother, Mrs. S. J. Churchill.

Mrs. William Hamilton Cline of Oak street has returned from San Francisco, where she was the guest of Mrs. Martin J. Coleman.

Mrs. J. N. Russell of Hobart boulevard is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Ceylon H. Brainerd have returned from their wedding tour and are occupying their new home at 861 Fifty-third street. Mrs. Brainerd was formerly Miss Anna Schilling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Schilling of South Alvarado street.

Mrs. Pearl Powers of 341 Andrews boulevard entertained recently with a luncheon in honor of Miss Grace Uhl of Shenandoah, Iowa. A centerpiece of jonquils and violets decorated the table, and quaint dolls of Dresden china were used as flowers. The guests were Miss Marion Gibbs, Miss Mabel Clute, Miss Gibson, Miss Bertha Hall, Miss Bosbyshell, Miss Hazel Gross of Kansas City, and Miss Helen Plimpton of Riverside.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli P. Clark were made proud grandparents last week by the arrival of a baby daughter to their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Owen Eversole.

After a long stay at the Gage ranch at Downey, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gage have returned to their home on New Hampshire street.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Mabel Lucile Buick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David D. Buick of St. Andrews Place, to Mr. James Duryea Coyle. Mr. Buick, who is president of the Buick Oil Company and also of the automobile concern of that name, only recently brought his family to Los Angeles to live. Mr. Coyle is a San Franciscan. The wedding will take place April 9, and after a honeymoon in Honolulu, the young couple will make their home in this city.

Sunday afternoon Mrs. I. I. Gerson of Alhambra was hostess at a charming at home. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Horace E. Montague and Mrs. Aida Dougherty.

Bullock's Sixth Year Celebration

Bullock's opened its fifth Inauguration Month Monday morning, celebrating the beginning of its sixth year—a custom that has made an annual feature to which shoppers look forward, not only because of the good things provided to satisfy their needs and demands, but because of the elaborate decorations for which this store has become famed. This year the lower floor is a-bloom with pink and white sweet peas caught in graceful ropes of greenery. In this bower of blossoms are hung golden cages, where the yellow canaries have been caroling in spite of the cloudy weather. The entire seven floors seem to have donned holiday attire, and as each opening day visitor—and there were many despite the showers—was presented with a cluster of jonquils, even the shoppers became a part of the floral display. Inauguration Month is rather an innovation here, since it is not intended primarily as a bargain sale, but as a birthday party. Of course, all of the new spring merchandise, which buyers have been gathering these many weeks, is displayed. The growth of Bullock's keeps step with the marvellous growth of Los Angeles. In the five years of its existence Bullock's has become one of the standard stores of this city, its policy being of the sort which brings success to its founders by giving satisfaction to every customer.



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The diamond circlet is a modest chased flat band—closely paved with choicest white diamonds that go either entirely around, or only half way around, the band.

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The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoticed data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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252 SOUTH SPRING ST.

C. C. Parker,
220 SOUTH BROADWAY
and Jones' Book Store,
226 WEST FIRST ST.

Cheaters

Melodrama reigns at the Majestic theater this week—but it is not of the "My Gawd" and "Me chee-ild" type. It is the modern melodrama that comes nearer portraying real life than any epigrammatic society drama of sex-problems. It is not polite—there is a good deal of gunplay, it deals with things that we read half questioningly in our newspapers and do not credit; its characters are mostly thieves and blackmailers—and one murderer who is more a man than any of his associates. It does not toy with prettily turned phrases or euphonic words. It is a medley of the lingo of the underworld, the slang of the life of today, and the well-chosen but unbookish language of well-bred men and women. Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner are responsible for it and for the interesting title, "The Deep Purple." The story is of a young girl who is lured from her home by a crook on the promise of marriage—his only object being to use her as a decoy in a blackmailing scheme. He sends her to a boarding house kept by an ex-thief, Kate Fallon, expecting Kate to be an accessory. But Kate is "going straight." She suspects the crook's intentions on the girl, and protects her until the hero who is of the princely kind, bred in the "deep purple", comes forward to save the situation. Kate is a strongly-drawn character, coarsened a bit by her life, but with the inherent sweetness of a naturally good woman left untouched—the goodness that responds to the unspoken plea of an innocent girl. Another graphic picture is that of Gordon Laylock, the "killer," whose hands are bloodstained, but only through mitigating circumstances, and whose desire has always been for "a home and kids." These two derelicts, Kate and Gordon, drift together, fight for each other, and their ultimate happiness is suggested by the playwrights. Anne Sutherland, as Kate, gives an excellent realization of the character, and Walter Edwards plays Laylock with a virility and an artistry both of histrionism and make-up that render it one of the big features of the production. The best acting is done by Frank J. Currier, who is unbelievably droll in mak-up and characteristics. Another bit of great merit is the Connolly of Edward Gillespie, Lyster Chambers plays Lelande, the badger—a repulsive role made twice as repellent by the actor. While Harry Hilliard is fresh and breezy as William Lake, the god in the machine—he is not quite forceful enough to fill the role. Sweet and girlish is the Doris Moree of Madeline Louis, who is remindful of Lillian Albertson in voice and appearance, and who is very attractive in the quiet moments of her acting, although her outbursts of fear and passion are crudely done. As a whole the production is of a higher standard than those usually accorded us.

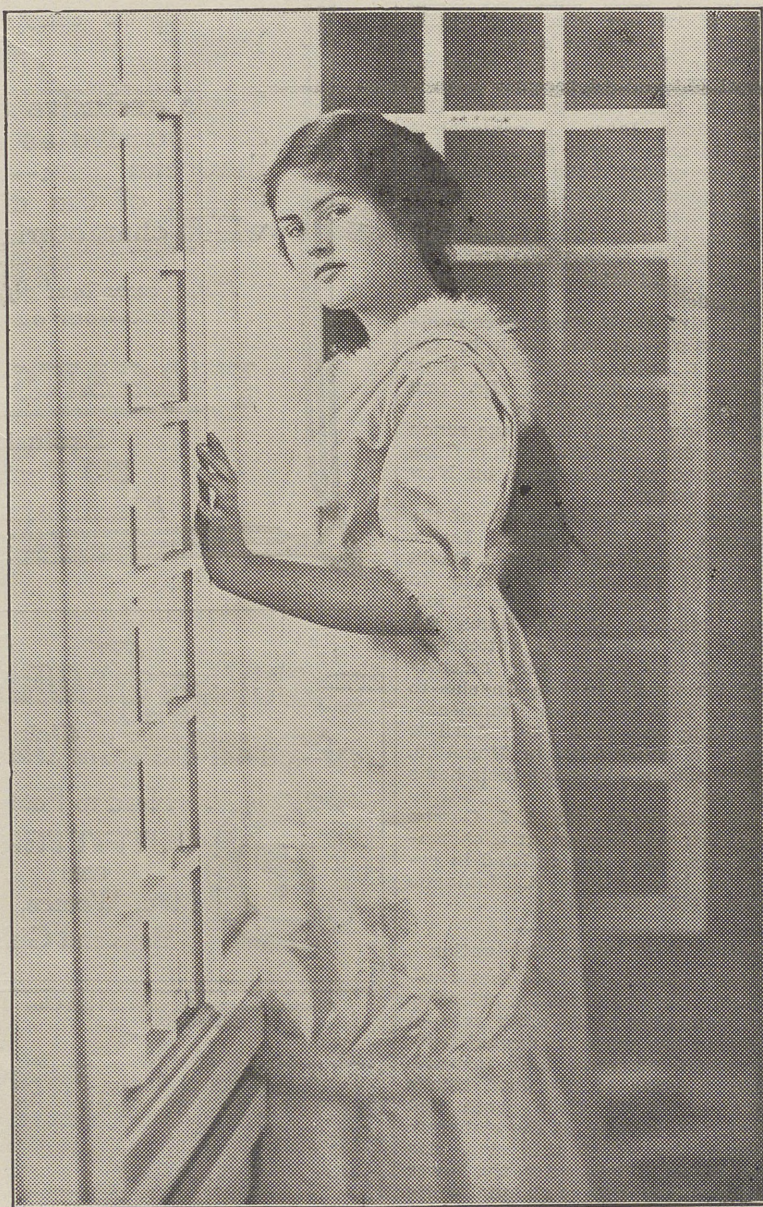
May Robson's "Night Out" at the Mason
Subtract May Robson from "A Night Out," which is playing at the Mason, and the result would be a "zero." So far as dramatic merit goes, this product of the joint pen of Miss Robson and C. T. Dazey is negligible. The plot is diminutive and deformed, melodrama of a somewhat cheap type, and with little to recommend it to people of intelligence. But its comedy lines are rich with laughs, and with such an unctuous comedienne as May Robson to peddle the good points the result is a continuous rip-

ple of laughter that oftentimes swells to the size of an ocean breaker and roars through the house and over the footlights. The play is not unlike Miss Robson's previous success, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," since it concerns an old woman who is not content to settle down with her crocheting and her tabby cat and doze the days away. The elderly heroine of

production. She has little to work with, but the result is to the entire satisfaction of her audiences.

"Man of Honor" at the Belasco

Isaac Landman is responsible for "A Man of Honor," which the Belasco company is offering this week—and it is a grave responsibility. His name is unknown, and without unkindness it may be said that the world would have missed nothing were his play to have remained unknown. It is theatrical clap-trap, a series of melodramatic situations, illy-conceived climaxes, stilted diction, and without novelty. Its principal character is Judge Amos Kingsley, who is so busy building up a name for himself that he has no time for his children. Kingsley has been opposed to the Consolidated Copper company, and



URSULA ST. GEORGE IN "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM,"

"A Night Out" coaxes her two young grandsons, lovable scapegoats, both of them, to take her to a cafe so that she may see the bright lights—and, incidentally, an Egyptian dancer. The restaurant is raided, and Granmum and the boys escape as best they can. Alas, Granmum leaves behind her a brooch and her "puffs," with which evidence she is convicted in the eyes of her disapproving daughter. But, of course, Granmum's ready wit extricates 'oth herself and the boys from the difficulties and the happy ending is inevitable. Miss Robson has a large supporting company, which fades into insignificance beside her. When she is not on the stage things drag intolerably; when she makes her entrance there is a brisk infusion of life into the action. She dominates the entire

refuses to accept its bribe of a million dollars and the nomination for governor in return for a favorable decision in a crucial case against the concern. The Consolidated then manages to draw Kingsley's young son into its web, making it easy for him to become a thief. Even when they offer Kingsley his son's release for his decision, the judge refuses. Then, as the Consolidated is about to revenge itself upon the boy, it is revealed that the son of one of its prominent officers has been young Kingsley's partner in crime, and the affair is, perforce, hushed up. Judge Kingsley is a high and mighty gentleman who pours forth platitudes by the yard—bombastic nothings which the author must have heard since his childhood, for they are strikingly un-



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original. The dialogue is commonplace and badly written. It might make passable reading, but it does not "listen" well. It is a difficult task that confronts the Belasco company to put life and vigor into the inanimate inanity offered, but moderate success is achieved. Thomas MacLarnie is entirely unconvincing as the judge. His gestures, his delivery, his attitude is theatric to a degree and his delivery of his lines robs them of any vestige of sincerity. His picture lacks virility. Robert Ober gathers in the masculine laurels in the part of the boy who has taken the wrong road. It is a faithful portrait, exceedingly true to life, and in the scene where young Kingsley denounces his father, Ober does the best work of his local career. William Gibson has little to do except walk

through his part gracefully. Howard Hickman does his usual excellent work as Price, the attorney, Donald Bowles is pleasing as his son, and James K. Applebee is humorous as the Judge's brother. Helen Sullivan has the leading feminine role, which she adorns with her loveliness, and Bessie Barriscale plays the ingenuous Sylvia to the intense satisfaction of her admirers. The play itself, however, is entirely unworthy the efforts of the company.

Grand Opera at the Orpheum

Alexander Bevani and his Romany Opera Company are the Orpheum headliners this week, and the fact that they appeal both to gallery and boxes is infinitely to their credit, for the gallery usually is not hesitant in expressing its disapproval of grand opera singers, and many of the box adorners applaud only because they think it the proper thing to do. Bevani's canniness lies in the fact that he has selected for his programs those excerpts having a melody which appeals even to the uneducated in music. He offers good music, well sung, and his scenic appointments are excellent. James F. Dolan and Ida Lenharr entertain and mystify their audience with a near-burlesque of the usual mind-reading act with several difficult feats of that sort performed by Miss Lenharr. They make fun of the usual method employed by "fakers," but they take excellent care that they do not give away the source of Miss Lenharr's power, which is truly bewildering. Elise Schuyler is well remembered here as a musical comedy favorite who made her debut at the local Orpheum. Miss Schuyler has not improved with age—perhaps because her choice of songs is not good. She needs newer and better compositions to get over strongly. Her assistant, Jay Roberts, despite an amusing self-consciousness, extracts from his piano the brand of rag-time

Grenfall Lorry. She is good to look upon, and lends a gracious charm to the part. As Lorry Cyril Raymond scarcely suggests the brave-hearted American who dares death for his princess. Ann Bert is fetching as the Countess Dagmar and Frederick McQuirk is attractive in the role of Harry Anguish, the fun-making friend of Lorry. Albert Edmondson plays Baron Dangloss with good effect and minor roles are acceptably portrayed.

Offerings for Next Week

Kate Douglas Wiggins' popular New England stories of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" have been dramatized by Charlotte Thompson, and the play will open a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House Monday night, under the direction of Klaw & Erlanger. It is the story of a little girl who has to leave her crowded home, filled with brothers and sister, and go to live with her maiden aunt, in order that she may be educated, and that there may be one less mouth to fill at home. Miss Ursula St. George, who has the title role, is said to give it an unusual charm. The story is a homely one, filled with New England characters, quaint and homely people, with quaint and homely sayings. There is Aunt Miranda, pinched, crusty old maid, whose heart is finally touched by the glad sweetness of her little niece. There is the old stage driver, the village gadabout, the shrewd near-villain, the young folk. Muckraking and commercialism, passion and pain have no place in this clean little tale of a country maiden. The scenic effects are said to be particularly good, showing an old brick house among the trees and hollyhocks, the old barn and yard, and such homely places. There will be a special Ladies' Day matinee Wednesday.

Henry W. Savage's remarkably successful production of "Madame X," Bisson's celebrated Parisian drama of



CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, ENTERTAINER AT THE ORPHEUM

that makes the gallery vociferous with applause. Low comedy of a type that is faithfully described in its title, "A Dramatic Cartoon," is given by Paul Nicholson and Miss Norton. There is nothing subtle in its methods of laugh-producing, but its appeal to vaudevillians must be immense, if the attitude of the audience is a criterion. Mullen & Coogan present a joke and song turn which they called "A Broadway Trim." It lives up to its name. Hugh Herbert and company, the Alpine Trope, and the Russian Orchestra are the holdovers.

"Graustark" at the Lyceum

"Graustark" is still one of the favorite stories of the day, both in book form and on the stage. We Americans like tales that deal with princesses, so long as there is an American hero to do the proper thing and rescue the royal lady from her difficulties and make her a princess of the United States. We like gorgeous costumes and ceremony and the fairy-tale atmosphere given by thrones and titles and bowings and scrapings—an inheritance from our ancestors. The Lyceum offers "Graustark" this week as the final attraction of its road season, and crowded audiences are greeting the play. Louise Valentine plays the Princess Yette in truly regal fashion, in delightful contrast to her scenes with

mother-love, will be the attraction at the Majestic theater all next week, beginning Sunday night. "Madame X" is considered the most powerful drama of recent years, and its emotional scenes differ radically from those usually associated with French successes. Its story has to do with a woman who deserts her husband and son for a wild life. A pair of blackmailers discover, twenty years afterward, that she is the wife of a celebrated French jurist, and plan to blackmail him. When Madame X discovers this, she kills one of the scoundrels and is brought to trial. Being without counsel, the court assigns a young lawyer to her defense. Madame X recognizes her son in the lawyer, and also finds that the man who has been watching the case from the side of the presiding judge is the boy's father. The young lawyer, realizing an interest for which he cannot account, defends her with great brilliance—bringing about a rarely dramatic denouement. After "Madame X," the Majestic will offer William Faversham in his latest comedy success, a mirthful satire on modern life, entitled "The Faun," which is from the pen of Edward Knoblauch.

Henry Leon Wilson and Booth Tarkington's delightful Southern romantic drama, "Cameo Kirby," will be the offering of the Belasco stock company, beginning Monday night. "Cameo

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Kirby" served for two seasons as a successful starring vehicle for Dustin Farnum, and the presentation by the Belasco company should be a genuine pleasure. The play is a picture of the South at the beginning of the last century, with Louisiana in the early 30's as its locale. The interesting story of "Cameo Kirby" makes plausible an argument that, in those days, the hero, representing a superior type of gentleman gambler, might easily mend his ways and rise to the level of the girl he loved. Meantime, the imminent and deadly danger to which Cameo Kirby exposes himself so that he may be near his shrine keeps the audience in tense suspense. The play contains love interest, plenty of action, and a romantic, adventurous atmosphere that is fascinating. William Gibson will have the Farnum role of Cameo Kirby, and John Burton will play Larkin Bruce. Bessie Barriscale will be Adele Randall, the little Southern heroine, and Helene Sullivan, Robert Ober, Thomas MacLarnie, Emelle Melville and others will be seen to advantage.

Tuesday evening Harold Bauer, the fourth artist of the second series of the Philharmonic course, will give one of the most interesting programs ever offered in this city. Mr. Bauer began his public career as a violin virtuoso as a child of eight, and at twenty decided to devote himself to the piano, upon the advice of Paderewski. Bauer is known as the pianists' pianist. His playing shows his early training, for it is said that there is not another pianist who produces such a variety of tonal colors from the pianoforte. He makes his instrument almost orchestral in coloring, but without any pounding, any forced quality of tone. Tuesday night will be his only appearance in recital in Los Angeles, his program being as follows: Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, Op. 35 (Mendelssohn); Sonata in F Major (Mozart); Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13 (Schumann); Nocturne in E Major (Chopin); Scherzo in E Sharp Minor (Chopin); Melody (Gluck-Sgambati); Mephisto Waltz (Liszt).

"Seven Days," the phenomenally successful Hopwood-Rinehart farce, will have its first stock company production this week at the Burbank theater. The Burbank management promises additional interest by the introduction of Miss Genevieve Blinn, the new leading woman of the Burbank company, who will have the role of Anne Brown, about whom much of the fun of the piece revolves. It is the part originally played by Florence Reed, and should afford Miss Blinn a fine chance to display her talents as a comedienne. The authors of "Seven Days" have taken a houseful of people, several of whom have been previously married and separated by the courts, and quarantined the entire party, along with a burglar, because of a suspected case of small pox. With this ingenious start the playwrights have furnished one of the funniest plays the native stage has ever known, a farce that has earned for its owners more than half a million dollars. The fun in "Seven Days," unlike most farces of the latter day product, is of the cleanest sort, without a suggestion of salaciousness. All of the popular Burbank players will be found in the cast.

Beginning Monday matinee, March 11, the Orpheum will offer the first sketch ever written by Richard Harding Davis for vaudeville, "Blackmail." It was written especially at the request of the circuit, and has been played with great success. It is interpreted by a company especially chosen, headed by Walter Hampden, former star of "The Servant in the House." His support is said to be fully up to his standard. Eunice Burnham and Charlotte Greenwood, "two girls and a piano," are said to provide both mirth and enjoyment. Miss Burnham is a talented pianist, and Miss Greenwood makes capital of the grotesqueness of her personality to

provoke fun. Leona Thurber and Harry Madison have a "Shopping Tour" stunt, depicting the ways and woes of down-to-date shopping. Millet's Models are several beautiful poseurs who depict great paintings and bits of sculpture. The Romany Opera Company, Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, Dolan & Lenharr and Mullen & Coogan remain, and a program of symphonic music and new motion pictures complete the bill.

With each succeeding performance the demand for seats for "The Girl and the Boy" seems to grow greater. Walter De Leon's newest musical comedy success is one of the strongest favorites ever put on by the Hartman company, and to appease the demand, a fourth week has been announced, to begin Sunday matinee. Indications are that this week will be the banner one for attendance, as the advance sale is already so large that capacity business is expected at every performance. In costuming and scenic investiture "The Girl and the Boy" is better than any former Hartman offering, and is equal to anything a traveling company has offered in many days. Ferris Hartman, with his droll Scotch burr and costuming, and Walter De Leon's boyish picture of Hammond Smith lead the men. Dainty Muggins Davies, sweet-voiced Myrtle Dingwall and handsome Josie Hart shine amid the feminine contingent. Percy Bronson, Roscoe Arbuckle, Harry Pollard, Oliver Le Noir, Joseph Fogarty, Lawrence Bowes, and half a dozen others have scored individual hits in the production.

For the coming week the Lyceum will be dark, although it will be one of the busiest places in the city. It will be given over to the final preparations for the opening of the Fischer's Follies Company, which, beginning St. Patrick's Day, Sunday, March 17, will be permanently installed in Fischer's Lyceum—the new name. A galaxy of stars will have the principal parts and it is said that the finest chorus ever gathered together outside of New York will trip over the hearts of the Johnnies. With May Boley, Texas Guinan, Herbert Cawthorn, Laura Oakley, Bob Lett, Lou Chaney, Ann Montgomery and Mlle. Vanity, the company should prove of unusual excellence. The opening bill will consist of two shows, "The Neverhomes," a satire on suffrage now running in Lew Field's New York theater, and "The Song Birds," a satire on grand opera. The future looks favorable for this new venture, especially as popular prices are to be the rule.

Paloma Schramm, one of the best known of the younger pianists who call Los Angeles home, and who has lately finished her musical education under her former tutor, Herr Thilo Becker, will appear in recital at the Auditorium Thursday evening, March 14, in a carefully selected program of piano compositions.

Frank Leeds, the anti-spiritualist, will demonstrate the tricks used by mediums at the Auditorium Wednesday evening, March 13, challenging any mediums operating in the city to disprove his assertions.

Moving pictures of the Durbar festivities in India will come to the Auditorium the week of March 18.

Preparations have just been completed for the first annual celebration of the "Rodeo," one of the most spectacular outdoor western extravaganzas ever staged in Southern California. Cowpunchers and cowgirls from every section of ranch country between the Canadian border and the Rio Grande are already camped on the "Lucky" Baldwin rancho, "Santa Anita," preparing to compete in the great southwestern interstate cowboy championship contests, which are to take place from March 9 to March 17. "The Rodeo" means "The Round Up," and it is to be an unrehearsed series of contests in hazardous horsemanship, roping, pony express riding and other

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Books

Anna Chapin Ray's latest production is a vast improvement over her previous book. "A Woman With a Purpose" was a hysterically futile attempt to make something out of a trivial and impossible situation; in her characterizations of "The Brentons" and their small circle of immediate friends in a little college town Miss Ray has in mind not one but several big, vital questions—questions such as "James Lane Allen delights to ponder—and has made rather more of her present opportunity than in former efforts. There is presented the struggle in the soul of Scott Brenton, an earnest young minister of the gospel, with the doubts that assail him in regard to the tenets of his church and his religion. Being born with a particular love and aptitude for chemical science and having been dominated in his choice of a profession, against his better judgment, by a deeply religious and rather narrow-minded mother, his conflict becomes a hopeless endeavor to harmonize scientific laws with the religious doctrines of his church. No doubt, in a modified form, here is an actual situation; but it lacks realism in the portrayal.

From a long line of parson ancestors Scott Brenton inherits a supersensitive conscience; from another line, a pitiable degree of indecision but a brilliant mind. To complicate matters further he marries a vain, silly social climber of coarse grain, who regards him merely as a piece of property for her advancement. This inane individual contracts a peculiar and virulent form of Christian Science, which gives occasion for an effective death-bed scene, slow music and sound of weeping. Pretty stage effect. Evidently Christian Science is not the writer's credo. Miss Ray is clever, and she has glimpsed the gleam of a broader, more universal philosophy, but she is continually confusing the false with the true, so that although it is evident she has become convinced of several great truths she has not been able to elucidate them quite clearly in concrete form. Could a man who is described as "afire with his message, self-forgetful, thrilling with the greatness of his theme" so that his congregation takes fire from his words and listens breathlessly for an hour to "a simple gospel of generosity and love and of hard, ungrudging work for universal betterment" be termed a failure? Such a man was great in the highest sense of the word, and Miss Ray feels almost convinced that he ought to stay in the ministry. When Reed Opdyke is stricken down in his splendid young manhood Brenton questions—in the face of his acknowledged power for good in the ministry—

Was God vindictive? Did the All-Merciful have moods that would have shamed created man? Did the All-Father now and then punish, out of sheer malevolence, or in an attempt to get even with man for the results of instincts He had put into him at first creation? Was that first creation final in its wisdom; or had it been a partial blunder, needing the interference of a heaven-sent, earth-born Intercessor to set the matter right? Could the All-Wise make a blunder? If not, then why the atoning Son?

Apparently, there is a conflict between law and religion—when it is merely a conflict of desires and tastes. With a good, helpful wife, Brenton would probably have been a brilliant and useful minister, bringing strength and comfort to many lives; or would have burst the narrow bonds of his church into a rational creed. In the end, Miss Ray does not place great

stress on the doctrinal side of his career; it is the manhood and moral courage that count. Olive Keltridge is above the average of Miss Ray's feminine characters and a beautiful story of ideal devotion is portrayed in her attachment to Opdyke. Between Whittenden and Opdyke there is unfolded a fine friendship in the scene in which Opdyke opens his heart to Whittenden and Opdyke there is un-pain. Opdyke is an admirable chap—Miss Ray's masculine characters are notably stronger than her feminine actors. At the present rate of advancement this clever writer is due to arrive in a really strong book one of these days when the impersonal view is reached. She is decidedly entertaining and thinks—all modern novelists do not. ("The Brentons." By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Fighting With Fremont"

Breathes there a boy with mind so dead who at the mere mention of camping out and roughing it does not respond with sparkling eyes and alert senses? Well, Everett McNeil has combined in jolly fashion the joys of scouting and life in the open with much useful information to American boys, and especially to lads living in California, in his tale of the conquest of California, "Fighting With Fremont." When Fremont and his band of trappers were invited to go north by the Californians, in 1846, Thure Conroy, a loyal young American of fifteen, was permitted to accompany them; and therefore, became a participant in the hurried return southward under secret orders from Washington, brought by Lieutenant Gillespie to Fremont. Although the Americans were not then aware of it, May 8, 1846, marked the victory of Taylor at Palo Alto in the Mexican war and gave authority for the hot-headed course pursued by the Americans in seizing Arce's horses, in capturing Sonoma and in the semi-serious demonstration of the raising of the "bear flag." Thure has an exciting escape from being tomahawked by a Klamath Indian in a midnight attack, by his unerring aim saves the life of Fremont, is sent on several important military errands by the captain, becomes good friends of Kit Carson, Captain Sutter, Robert Semple, and other prominent figures in the Golden State's history; and with Bud Randolph is captured and carried off by the cruel and crafty Padilla and his Mexican desperadoes. But they are rescued in time for the triumphal entry of the tired and dusty pioneer heroes into Monterey, where the Stars and Stripes already waved over the little blockhouse on the hill. It is a vivid and fascinating picture of those exciting days of rapid action and will give the boys a clear and well connected conception of the events that gave to the United States so vast and wonderful an empire. ("Fighting With Fremont." By Everett McNeil. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Magazines for March

Sunset, the Pacific Monthly, will be of particular interest to Los Angelans since one of its principal features is Walter V. Woehlke's article, "Angels in Overalls," which has to do with the rapid growth of this city. The article is liberally illustrated with fine cuts, both of the city and of the outlying agricultural districts. Eleanor Gates, wife of Richard Walton Tully, talks of the California missions in her "Motoring Among the Missions," Louis Levy and A. D. Robinson give insights into

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position, and Bertha Smith graphically describes "The Charm of Coronado. In the "Western Personalities" Los Angelans will again be keenly interested, for Mr. Woehlke has a laudatory story of Frank Wiggins which should please his host of admirers. There are a number of short stories, among them the beginning of a series called "Gile's Reincarnation Agency," by that breezy writer, John Fleming Wilson. Verse and paragraphs of varied information are plentifully besprinkled through the pages.

Edith Wharton bursts into song in "Scribners" for March—telling the tale of Demeter's loss of Persephone in "The Pomegranate Seed" with lofty and musical sweetness and spirit. Sir Henry Norman has an interesting story of travel through Africa by automobile, and Stanley M. Arthurs illustrates his own article on "Early Steamboat Days." John Galsworthy's story, "Quality," is a brief sermon pleasantly disguised, and Robert Grant waxes rather prosy in his "Convictions of a Grandfather." E. W. Hornung, Henry Van Dyke and A. E. Q. Mason contribute fiction, while Edward L. Morse in "Samuel F. B. Morse, the Painter," and Fridtjof Nansen in "The Race for the South Pole" round out the series of offerings. There are several verses of merit and the usual departmental features.

Readers of the American magazine are always certain of breezy literature, and the March number is no exception to the rule. James Oppenheim has struck a happy vein in his stories of the man who cannot close his ears to the call of the road and the March tale entitled "Adam's Farm," is exceptionally well told. Stewart Edward White has a hunting narrative entitled "My First Lion," and Ida M. Tarbell's broad strokes make mighty her "Business of Being a Woman." Robert M. La Follette continues his autobiography and there is another installment of H. G. Wells' new novel, "Marriage." In "Interesting People," the whimsical exploitation of Wallace and Will Irwin, in "Interesting People," the whimsical enjoyed. Julian Leavitt writes of "The Man in the Cage," telling of methods pursued in prisons, and Albert J. Nock is responsible for "A New Science and Its Findings." There are several short stories, among them Edna Ferber's "His Mother's Son," which is another delightful chapter in the story of a traveling saleswoman. Los Angeles' cafes are mentioned in several places in Hugh S. Fullerton's dissertation on "Eating."

There are many interesting features in the March number of "The Theosophical Path," especially for the reader who is fond of the things not often found in the popular magazines—the reader whom we are wont to call the "high brow," because of his deeper delving into philosophies and the wonders of creation. H. Travers has several features, "Are Plants Conscious?" "Evolution of Animals," and "Mysteries of Sound," and H. T. Edge, T. Henry and Percy Leonard are familiar names on the list of contents. A number of other features provide feasting for those inclined to the things of existence below the surface.

Century for March has its usual budget of good things, including a further installment of William J. Locke's serial story, "Stella Maris." Edward L. Morse defends his father and presents

new evidence that the telegraph letters were invented by him in an article entitled "The Dot-and-Dash Alphabet." There is a third paper on "The American Undergraduate" by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, and Mary Shaw has an interesting topic in "The Stage Wisdom of Joseph Jefferson." Edward Alsworth Ross continues his view of "The Middle West," Alice Morse Earle has an article on "Samplers," Julia Cartwright tells of "Christiana of Denmark," George Kennan gives an insight into the political blots on Russia's blurred escutcheon in "Russian 'Mouse-Traps'," and Wallace Irwin strikes his usual humorous pace in "Florizel and Fortunatus." There are a number of short stories of merit, several verses, topics of the time and the Lighter Vein department.

March number of "The World's Work" regards the world with its usual seriousness. The "editor-man" interprets the march of events, with comment on a varied choice of subjects. C. M. K. touches interest in "Paying for Things You Don't Want," and Mary Flexner's article on "The Misfit Child" should concern parents. Henry Oyen tells of the house-cleaning undergone by Louisiana since the coming into power of Dr. Oscar Dowling, president of the State Board of Health, and Arthur Gleason and Joseph Fels both tell their opinion of the last named gentleman. John Franklin Fort stands forth for his political opinions in "Why I Am for Roosevelt," and Owen Wilson gives a glimpse of the "posts" situation in his "Unshackling the Army." Another installment of Woodrow Wilson's biography is presented by William Bayard Hale, and Willis Abbot reveals things about "Chairman Underwood." An interesting illustrated article is Arthur Page's "Safety First Underground."

"West Coast" for March opens with several striking photographs of beautiful women in Los Angeles society. Willard Huntington Wright narrates the progress of the mission play in California under the heading "An American Oberammergau." "Fair Play for the Japanese" is urged by Cyril H. Tribe. Charles F. Lummis's good work is evident in "The Lion's Den," and J. A. Graves has "Another Dog Story." Arthur Hinton considers "The Chinese Republic and Our Immigration Laws," Edmund Norton writes of "The Single Tax," George Parish offers "Hands Around the World," and Jackson H. Ralston is responsible for "Forces Making for Peace." There are several short stories and verses, "Grins and Chuckles," and the departments.

Two plays dramatized from stories in "Wessex Tales" were performed by Thomas Hardy's countrymen in Dorchester a few weeks ago. Hardy's rural neighbors have taken great interest in his presentation of old customs and vouch for the truth of his pictures of life in their section. Hardy himself remembers when the hangman was a sort of hero, and he recalls an old Dorchester man who fell into an incurable melancholy because his application for that office was rejected. The spot of the smugglers' cave, mentioned in one of the "Wessex Tales," is still shown. "They were daredevil days," said a farmer in comment, "and there was something to do of a winter's evening. I think Mr. Hardy is right, that it was the excitement and not the money that the men were after."

Stocks & Bonds

Mexican Common has supplied nearly all of the dramatics in Los Angeles stock exchange trading this week, due to political conditions south of the Rio Grande. The stock, in the face of a vigorous pounding, has lost about 7½ points from the recent high of 56½. Evidently the market, although it has been fairly well combed, is in anything but a strong position. But for the recently organized inside pools, which have been going long on the shares for European and New York account, the stock would be in a precarious way. Just the same if the price continues to slip downward, there is pretty certain to come a turn in the market, as soon as conditions warrant a feeling of renewed security. Then the Doheny Mexicans will be a harvest for those who will be fortunate enough to secure the tip from the proper source. Mexican preferred, naturally, also is slim pay.

As was to have been expected, the Mexican situation has affected the entire list of the dependable petroleums. The Stewarts are weak, although active, and the Doheny Americans are marking time. It is possible that Mexican Common may declare a quarterly dividend of a dollar a share, next Wednesday. The company is said to have nearly \$800,000 available for the purpose, although several of the directors are insisting that the funds should not be disbursed at this stage, because of the dividend fiasco of last year.

In the Santa Maria list, Rice Ranch took renewed steam this week, having sold up to \$1.25 a share. Western Union is off five points. Associated is about 42 points and inactive, and Amalgamated is steady. Palmer is dead.

Central continues weak, with no indications that the shares are to be again in demand at recently quoted high prices in the near future. California Midway, among the lesser oils, is erratic, showing signs of going lower, and National Pacific is soft. Jade is weak. Traders, a substantial stock, is being picked up for investment. Oleum shows strength at unexpected times.

Among the bank stocks the leaders continue in demand. All Night & Day, sold as high as \$150 this week, on a showing of increased business, in addition to reports of an alleged amalgamation with one of the best known of the city's national banks. German American Savings, and Security Trust continue to be marked up beyond all former record prices.

Industrials are not vigorous, with the exception of L. A. Home Pfd., which is pegged by inside support at about 30. Several of the sugar stocks that at times try to get into the limelight are likely to develop signs of activity one of these days. The San Francisco market absorbs large chunks of these particular shares, which have never been in favor here. The Edisons are fairly active.

Bonds are narrow, trading being confined almost entirely to a few of the Home issues, and to Associated Oil 5s.

In the mining list, Johnnie continues to be worked up, with a gain of about three points since the last report. Consolidated Mines displays signs of being overloaded.

Money is active and plentiful, with no indications of a change in rate.

Banks and Banking

Postmaster William H. Harrison has

issued an order that no money may be withdrawn from the Postal Savings Bank after five p. m. Heretofore, the closing hour has been nine.

In January, 1912, twenty-four applications for national bank charters were received by the comptroller of the currency. There are now 7348 national banks existing, their combined capital being \$1,036,132,435 and their outside circulation reaching the figure of \$715,493,996.

Los Angeles continues to break records in every possible manner. Despite the fact that February is a short month and contains two holidays, bank clearings reached the figure of \$87,276,973, an increase of \$21,654,086 over the same month in 1911. February 14 the clearings reached the enormous sum of \$6,043,375.99. Building permits also broke all previous records, showing a total of \$2,152,963—the number of permits being 1155. In February, 1911, 797 permits were issued, with the value at \$1,009,277.

Fifth street is to be made the financial center of Los Angeles. The Security building and the Hotel Alexandria at Fifth and Spring already house a number of important firms, the Chester building will soon be completed, and a twelve-story sky-scraper, to cost a million dollars, will probably occupy the southeast corner before long. R. A. Rowan & Co. have a thirty day option on the site, and a syndicate of financial interests is said to be back of the plan. All of the big concerns of the city are gradually gravitating to this center, which is to be made the Wall street of Los Angeles.

Hours are to be shortened at the All Night and Day Bank, due to the fact that but little business is done after ten o'clock at night. Hereafter, the hours will be from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m., instead of from seven to midnight.

Citizens Central National Bank of New York has made a notable record in the results of its business operations for a little less than eight years since the consolidation of the National Citizens and Central National banks, the net earnings for that period, \$2,722,993 being considerably in excess of the bank's capital of \$2,550,000. Out of this, dividends of \$1,185,750 have been paid and \$1,537,243 applied to the increase of surplus and profits, the bank today having a capital of \$2,550,000, surplus fund \$1,000,000, undivided profits and unearned discount reserve 996,243. This is an unusually favorable showing, as the business of the bank is strictly mercantile, drawing largely from the textile, hardware, wholesale grocery and boot and shoe trades. Edwin S. Schenck is president.

State Superintendent of Banks and Banking Baxter has taken charge of the Columbus (Ohio) Savings and Trust Company, which is capitalized at \$610,000. The closing of the savings institution followed a steady withdrawal of deposits. A high rate of interest, which it was found impossible to maintain, is declared to be responsible for the institution's trouble. While it is believed that all creditors will be paid in full, it is thought that the stockholders will lose heavily. At the time of its last statement, Dec. 5, the bank had deposits of \$2,075,935, of which \$254,000 was payable on demand and \$1,439,000 was savings deposits.

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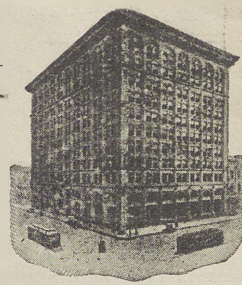
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with the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank, has severed his connection with that institution in order to accept an offer with the Security Trust and Savings Bank to assist in the management of its steamship department.

Californians are strongly objecting to the proposal to abandon the San Francisco mint or to reduce the appropriation. The Los Angeles Clearing House and many of the prominent men and firms of this city have wired their protests to Washington. Senator Perkins has urged Californians to make a strong fight for their rights, and if possible to prevent a narrowing of the mint's operations. The democrats in the house wish to abolish the coinage department, and threaten entire suspension of the mint unless this is done.

Returns of national banks of New York City, in response to the call of the comptroller of the currency for the condition of banks as of February 20, 1912, show that many of the leading institutions have been heavy sellers of securities since the previous call, Dec. 5, 1911. The National City, First National, Hanover National, Mechanics and Metals National and Chase National banks have all sold securities in that period, the first named decreasing its holdings by more than \$14,000,000. National Bank of Commerce reported an increase of about \$4,500,000. The decrease of the Hanover was about \$2,500,000, while the Mechanics and Metals showed a reduction of \$1,500,000 and the Chase National of about \$1,400,000. These decreases are notable in that it was generally understood that banks have been purchasers of bonds and short-term notes lately, owing to the extraordinary ease of the money market. Several banks had even gone so far as to speak of this condition as one that was not particularly sound, in that when money should again become in good demand there would be a rush on the part of the banks to liquidate their holdings. It is evident that the above institutions have not been among the prominent purchasers in the bond market lately.

Stock and Bond Briefs

San Diego's county treasurer will receive sealed bids up to 10 a. m. March 18 for the purchase of \$6000 school bonds of the Oceanview district. The bonds are of \$1000 each and bear 6% interest, payable annually. No bids were received for the \$1,000,000 harbor improvement bonds, and the council will probably consult San Diego bankers as to the best methods of disposing of the issue.

Tropico holds a special election March 12 to vote on an issue of \$20,000 bonds for the construction of a municipal lighting plant.

City Treasurer C. H. Hance is in New York, where he will deliver the \$1,800,000 aqueduct power bonds to Speyer & Co. When the proceeds from the harbor bonds are delivered March 31, work will immediately be rushed on the improvement of the outer harbor.

Having financed its enormous bond issue—\$10,000,000, the Pacific Light & Power Company has begun the con-

struction of three concrete dams on the Big Creek, about sixty miles east of Fresno, preparing for the electrifying of the Southern Pacific lines in Southern California.

Tropico will hold an election March 18 on the question of issuing bonds for \$20,000 for the acquisition of a municipal lighting plant.

Between 3000 and 4000 names have been added to the list of the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation in the last three months. This is shown in by the list made up for the payment of the current quarterly dividends on the common and preferred stock. Not the least interesting feature revealed is the fact that the foreign holdings increased between Sept. 30 and Dec. 31 last from 21.70 per cent of the total outstanding common stock to 22.59 per cent, while the percentage of the preferred stock held abroad rose from 8.25 to 8.31 per cent. Not less than \$114,840,800 of United States Steel common is now held in various parts of Europe and in other foreign countries, while the preferred stock held abroad amounts to \$29,941,500. This is by far the largest amount of stock of any one American undertaking held by investors in other countries, but figures obtained from other corporations bring into clear relief the fact that the foreign investment in the great railroads and other enterprises of the country, despite such liquidation of foreign holdings as has taken place in recent years, and more particularly last year, still reaches very large figures. The large holdings of the steel stocks abroad call for the remittance of dividends totaling annually about \$7,800,000. The aggregate dividend payments on the steel shares amount annually to approximately \$50,600,000.

J. H. Adams Company of Los Angeles has requested the return of the certified check which accompanied its bid for the \$20,000 Polytechnic High School bonds of Santa Ana, which have been declared invalid. W. R. Staats Company will also probably ask for its checks which secured its proposal for the grammar school bonds of that district.

Contractors who are planning to bid on the San Diego harbor work are willing to be paid in the bonds issued for that purpose. They will bid on the harbor work, and also bid on the bonds, in order to meet the law. J. H. Adams and Company of this city recently purchased the Teralta School District bonds at a premium of \$180—the bonds being in the amount of \$25,000.

Up to 7:30 p. m. March 18 sealed bids will be received by the city clerk of Santa Maria for the purchase of \$50,000 improvement bonds, all of \$1000, bearing 5% interest, payable semi-annually. The bonds will be ready for delivery April 20. Bids must be accompanied by a certified check for 8% of the amount.

To prevent any chance for an election contest, the municipal light and water bond question in Oxnard has been postponed from March 25 to April 5.

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Surplus, \$25,000.

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S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

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S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
B. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
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NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

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Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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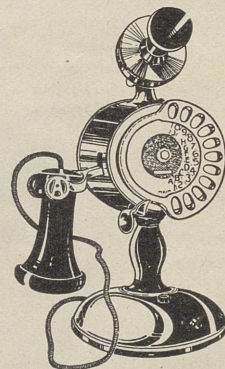
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—through Attractive Values—

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